

P O N T I E R



L I N E 38



We, the faculty and student body, are pleased to dedicate this ninth issue of the "Pointer" to Miss Helen Anne Walton, our librarian and friend, who has efficiently and successfully supervised Quincy Point Junior High School library for a period of ten years.



THE POINTER STAFF

THE POINTER

Quincy Point Junior High School

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Editorials

Personality Through Courage

This year life at Quincy Point Junior High School has been a grand adventure for most of you girls and boys. It has been a road beset with wonderful opportunities and, as to be expected, with some perils. This combination has given zest to the experience which many of you have accepted as a challenge.

You splendid girls and boys have faced new problems, new trials, new temptations, new situations, with courage and with credit. Traveled by many of our alumni before you, this educational road has been remade by you in a glorious way. With the help of your well equipped teacher-friends, you have made commendable progress.

At times you have won in this game of life, at times you have been defeated — but not for long. You have been tempted to be careless, to put off from day to day, to pass in work that was not your best. Yet, in exerting your better self to overcome such temptations, you have steadily and surely achieved a finer and nobler personality through rigid practices. You have done the worthwhile thing even though you have not always fully appreciated how you were to benefit. With a simple faith, with staunch determination, with untroubled conscience, you have been brave and unafraid.

You know that courage, honesty, truthfulness and straight forwardness, are some of the most important qualities in building an attractive personality. Be sure then, as you travel on your way from year to year, that you prove to all who are so interested in you that you have the fortitude to live up to your beliefs.

Henry T. Prario, Principal

The Time Has Come

It is with a feeling of mingled happiness and sadness that we bid farewell to Quincy Point Junior High. We are happy because we have at length reached the goal of our endeavor. But, on the other hand, we are sorry that our pleasant school associations are at an end; for never again will the same classmates mingle together in the rooms where we have worked, studied, and shared much joy and happiness for three long years. Leaving Point is like the closing of a book that has taken us three years to read — a book that can not be reread but only glanced back to the beautiful memories which are enclosed in it.

In these three years much has been accomplished. We have tried to co-operate and measure up to Point's high standards and to do our best at all times. We sincerely hope that, with the helpful encouragement, untiring efforts, sage advice, and wise counsel of our kind and efficient teachers, we have succeeded in that aim. We shall always be proud to carry into the future the fine ideals which we have obtained at Point.

Although we have reached our goal, we shall not cease to work. We shall strive for other goals further on. The training which we have received at Point will make a firm foundation upon which to build in coming years. Whatever crowns our efforts — fame, fortune, or unsung usefulness — our memory will forever bind us to Point with tender thankfulness. Whatever glory we win will be glory for her. Our earnest wish is that other classes following after us may be as successful as we have been, that every step they take will be forward so that their promotion day will be as happy as ours.

Our parting message is contained in the following lines:

"Life is a mirror of kings and slave;
It's just what you are and do.
So give the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

Lena Cavalieri, Class President

Success

One should never cease striving to gain possession of that most essential factor in school life — success.

The constructing of what one hopes to be a strong and sound ladder to the height of knowledge and success should be laid out during one's early schooling, so that when he goes out into the world to earn a living, he will have something strong to work on and gradually build it until he is at the top, but he must be sure that the rung is sound before he takes the next step ahead and up the ladder.

One should climb this ladder independently. He must be dependable and self-reliant, for when he is working there will be no one to help him and if, when he was at school he did his work faithfully, he will become a candidate to travel on the road to success.

Life will be no bed of roses. It will bring discouragement and despair, but instead of quitting, one should make worthy resolutions, plug hard (above all don't quit), so that he will be a credit to his trade or profession and will be proud to say, "I was a Pointer."

Bernard Ranieri, School President
Mary Oliverio, Second Floor Councilor

Sportsmanship

Have you been blessed with the quality so essential to an outstanding character? You should all strive to gain possession of that most enviable characteristic which rules the other qualities that help to make up an excellent personality. What is this much discussed trait? It is sportsmanship, that trait that leads to fame and success.

You cannot all be victorious in all undertakings. You must prepare yourselves to face discouragement, as well as encouragement. A good sport is a good loser and an unboastful winner. He does not try to make up weak alibies for his team's defeat and gives due credit to the victorious team.

If you have played the game and played it right unsuccessfully; your efforts will not have been in vain, for you will have won a moral victory.

Bernard Ranieri, Editor-in-Chief
Alice Field, 9-4

Highlights in News

Cover Design

This year considerable interest was shown by the pupils of the school in the making of the design for the "Pointer" cover. The students produced such worthwhile material that it was a difficult task to select the best one. The cover of this number, designed by Hope Whiting, is in keeping with the theme of the school operetta which was presented this year.

The other pupils who submitted covers were Albert DiRado, George Jancaterino, Robert Breen, Donald Powers, James Stevenson, Wilrene Ash, Frances Burns, Ernest Caddy, Eleanor Driscoll, Harry Daigle, Michael Della Barba and Frank Saldi.

The Editor

School Election

On Thursday, November eighteenth, the rally for the election of school officers was held. The candidates and their backers gave very convincing speeches. Friday morning the following people were elected:

President—Bernard Ranieri, 9-7

Second Floor Councilor—

Mary Oliverio, 9-4

First Floor Councilor—Peter Kanavos, 8-1

Hope Whiting, 9-7

Inauguration

Inauguration of School President for 1937-1938 was held in the assembly hall on the morning of November twenty-fifth. The oath of office was administered by Mr. Prario to President elect, Bernard Ranieri, who then presented his inaugural address. He gave a thrilling speech and a real message to Point. It is as follows:

"With sincere gratitude I address you for the wonderful endorsement which you have so kindly given me. I sincerely hope your confidence will be realized, and I shall do my utmost to fulfill that confidence. You know, as well as I do, that every activity of the school needs not only the untiring energy and labor of the executive officers, but the help and interest of every pupil. I want you to accept me and to treat me as one of you so that upon equal footing we may discuss problems, topics and school business, all of which are most vital in upholding the high

standards of our school. Remember, standards are not only judged by ourselves, but by our parents and other schools as well. I appeal especially to those of you who feel embarrassed when expressing ideas in public, for who knows where great ideas may be sleeping just waiting to be awakened. So wherever we may meet, in school or out, remember that I shall always be at your service for the good of Quincy Point Junior High School."

John Glynn, 9-4

Home Room Organization

The President and Student Council Representatives for the year 1937-1938 are as follows:

President	Representative
9-1 Albert Di Rado	Francis Giglio
9-2 James Milne	Margaret Conroy
9-3 Lena Cavalieri	Eleanor De Meo
9-4 Speranza Mastrianni	Alice Field
9-5 Phyllis Hindmarsh	Micheline Cushera
9-6 Michael Ameen	John Carlino
9-7 Bernard Ranieri	Mabel Hajjar
9-8 Walter Avery	Mary Wheble
8-1 Peter Kanavos	Robert MacAndrew
8-2 Domenic Pompeo	Herbert Sclarencio
8-3 John Steel	Gemma Fertile
8-4 Elvera Johnson	Mary Koury
8-5 Phyllis Muir	Joyce Peterson
8-6 Natica Nash	Virginia Sartori
7-1 Berton Steir	Gerald Caron
7-2 Louis Binda	David Christianson
7-3 Albert Del Vecchio	Virginia Hansen
7-4 Alfred Horne	David Joly
7-5 James Mollica	Matthew Pellucio
7-6 Gerald Vincent	Arthur St. John
G.V. Ernest Bettuchy	

Constitution

To mark the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Constitution, on September seventeenth, the pupils filed to the auditorium. The verse-speaking choir of 9-7 recited the Preamble to the Constitution, and Hope Whiting read the Proclamation declaring the day to be Constitution Day.

Mr. Prario then gave a brief talk on the importance of this document and asked that the provisions of the Constitution be discussed and stressed this year especially in all classes, so that the importance of it might be instilled in the minds of all.

Ethel Bernstein, 8-5

Francis W. Parker

On October eleventh, pupils of 8-5 presented a worthwhile play in observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Francis W. Parker, nationally known educator and first Superintendent of the Quincy Schools. The play was directed towards the past and showed the various improvements made by Francis Parker to improve the schools of Quincy.

Helen Paige, 9-4

Dr. Joseph Corella

On Thursday's assembly, January twentieth, at the completion of 9-7's splendid performance "People vs. Ignorance," the pupils were privileged to hear Dr. Joseph Corella, our new school doctor, who spoke on the subject "Personal Health." He especially stressed the importance of frequenting our family physician and family dentist.

All the pupils enjoyed his talk and, undoubtedly, benefited greatly by it.

Margaret Conroy, 9-2

Safety Program

Under the direction of Mr. Walsh, an interesting and very instructive play on safety was presented by the pupils of 8-2 during the assembly period on Thursday, October twenty-first. Following the play a demonstration of first aid was given by Frederick Alexander and Joseph Piper.

The speaker for the occasion was Sergeant Mullen, who stressed particularly the importance of safety on Halloween.

Shirley Easton, 9-7

Dancing Classes

In preparation for the ninth grade reception, dancing classes for the ninth graders were held in the gymnasium. These classes offered an excellent opportunity for all the members of the grade to learn to dance, or to brush up on their dancing. The amplifier replaced the three piece orchestra that was used in previous years. The admission was five cents.

Margaret Kay, 9-7

Mr. Cronan

Again this year, Mr. Cronan, a noted book lover and well-known story teller, journeyed to Point to pay his annual "Book Week" visit, and to entertain us in his own interesting and discriminating way.

After Mr. Cronan acquainted us with many new books and suggested many worthwhile and interesting books for boys and girls to read, he dramatized parts of the story "The Chief of the Herd." His two concluding numbers — an impersonation of an elephant and his humorous song, helped to make his performance utterly fascinating.

It is needless to say that all the pupils are looking forward with great anticipation toward his next visit.

Lena Cavalieri, 9-3

Horace Mann

Interesting scenes in the life of Horace Mann, that great educator and founder of free public schools, were brought to our stage by the members of the class of 8-1, under the supervision of Miss Birge. This assembly was presented in commemoration of the one-hundredth anniversary of Horace Mann's appointment as member of the Massachusetts School Board.

The play showed the character of Horace Mann and inspired each and everyone of us to follow the high ideals of that great educator.

Alice Field, 9-4

Armistice Day

In commemoration of Armistice Day a special assembly was held on Wednesday, November tenth. Following the reading of the Armistice Day Proclamation, the pupils of 7-4 presented a one-act play entitled "A Child's Dream." The play very effectively brought out the meaning and significance of that day which brought to a close that "Great Conflict."

A special feature of the assembly was a most inspiring talk given by Mr. Dana B. Clark, member of the American Legion, Post No. 295. Mr. Clark stressed the importance of courage, not only during war, but in time of peace.

Margaret Conroy, 9-2

Open House Night

Open House Night, which was held on Wednesday, November tenth, was the high-light affair in the observance of Education Week. The sound of many voices echoed through the corridors at Point as the parents were ushered to the various classrooms for conferences with the teachers. Following these conferences between parents and teachers, in the school auditorium, a special program was presented by the pupils of the Quincy Point Junior High and Daniel Webster Schools.

In commemoration of Armistice Day the pupils of 9-4, ably assisted by the other ninth grade divisions, and under the efficient direction of Miss Mahoney, presented a four-act play entitled "America Remembers." Act I took place April 12, 1917 when Jim Spencer, a senior at college, joined the U. S. Army. In Act II Jim was sent to France, leaving his mother weeping, yet proud. Act III depicted the chaos of ringing bells, blowing whistles, and shrieking sirens to portray the great wave of joy and relief that swept over the war-weary world on that first Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, the day that brought to its close the world's greatest war; also the tragic scene of Jim Spencer's mother and father preparing to join in the celebration when a telegram announced the death of their son. As the curtain parted for Act IV, at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the verse-speaking choir of 9-4 recited "Flanders Field." This act featured the placing of wreaths upon the tomb and the play closed with the sounding of taps. Throughout the entire performance, the orchestra under the competent direction of Mrs. Berthold, played the oft-repeated popular war-time songs. The breathless attention given by the audience proved to those taking part that they had captured the audience.

Included in the cast were: John Glynn, Lillian Alibertini, Warren Lipschultz, Paul Hanratty, Helen Paige, Thomas Walker, James Ferguson, Gertrude Sullivan, Marie Burnham, Abraham Levine, Charle Wallace, Mary Todd, Walter Avery, George Kenney, Phyllis Hindmarsh, Dorothy Sinclair, Alice Field, John Carlino, Irene Goodhue, John Farquhar, Theodore DeChristopher, Richard

Moss, Patsy Notrangelo, Robert Johnsen, Mary Oliverio, Dominica Mula, Mabel Di-Tullio, Viola Colella and Winifred Greenwood.

The speaker of the evening was Mr. Dana B. Clark, home visitor for boys in the Quincy schools and member of the American Legion, Post No. 295. Mr. Clark spoke briefly commending the pupils who participated in the program for their excellent work which, he said, expressed all that he had planned to say. At the conclusion of the program, Mr. Prario gave a very impressive message to the parents urging them to continue their interest in the school work throughout the year.

The evening proved to be both enjoyable and profitable.

Pauline Elder, 9-8

Library Staff's Visits

On November 16, the library staffs of North, Central, South and Point journeyed to Quincy High School where they were royally entertained by the library staff of Quincy High. Under the heading "The Browsing Period" a group of short skits was presented. These short presentations included incidents from popular books of today; namely, "The Hurricane," "Surprising the Family," "Living with Father," "Scott of Abbotsford," and poems of Rudyard Kipling were recited by a verse-speaking choir. At the completion of the program refreshments were served in the cafeteria, and then a tour of the school was made.

On December 2, the members of the library staff spent another enjoyable afternoon when they attended a Tea given them by the library staff of North Quincy High School. Games were played, prizes awarded, and fine refreshments completed the event.

At both of these affairs everyone enjoyed herself and found the students of Quincy High and North Quincy High pleasant and interesting. Every member of the staff especially appreciated the opportunity of seeing how other library staffs carried on their work.

Sophia Koury, 9-8



CAST OF "IT HAPPENED IN HOLLAND"

Operetta

Under the direction of Mrs. Berthold and Mr. Evans, on Thursday and Friday evenings, April 7 and 8, the Quincy Point Junior High School gave a brilliant presentation of "It Happened in Holland." At both performances the hall was filled to its capacity with people generously applauding the participants for their excellent work.

The operetta tells the story of Julianna, the beautiful daughter of the wealthy Burgomaster Meistermed. Julianna has everything a girl can wish for; but still she envies the carefree life of the village girls, for she is tired of being just a "Dutch Doll." The Burgomaster is proud of his daughter but, what with a bad case of gout and his great attachment for Gertrude the Cat, he has little time to show his affections. By chance, Julianna meets a gipsy girl, and they decide to change places for a day.

At the gipsy camp, Julianna, disguised as a gipsy, overhears a plot to destroy her father, the burgomaster. She and her friend Hans save the burgomaster and warn the villagers of a leak in the dyke, to bring the story to a happy conclusion.

The splendid singing, the fine acting, the variety of dances, the realistic and colorful costumes and scenery, the lighting effects, and the musical accompaniment furnished by the school orchestra, all combined to make the operetta a success.

Characters

(In order of their appearance)

Katrina	Dorothy Sinclair
Hilda	Eleanor DeMeo
Jan	William Neil
Julianna	Barbara Nord
Arlene	Antoinette Calabro
Meinheer Meistermed.....	David Smith
Gertrude the Cat.....	Shirley Easton
Hans	Herbert Hokanson
Meinheer Katz.....	John Carlino
Gipsy Josh	Chester Roher
Gipsy Jane	Marie Burnham
First Gipsy.....	Nathan Telegenetsky
Second Gipsy.....	William Szathmary
Peter	Charles Peterson
Leader of Guards.....	Albert Monaco

Glee Club

Sopranos—Arlene McClure, Natica Nash, Anna Salvaggi, Bessie Maida, Margaret McClusky, Doris Johnson, Shirley Holmes, Selma Brick, Irma Wilding, Bertha Todd, Catherine Quinn, Mary Caporale, Dorothy Larsen, Ruth Eng, Annie Brandes.

Altos—Lania Kanavos, Susie Papia, Pauline Elder, Rose Bonani, Rachel Bartholomew, Mary Koury, Elvera Johnson, Frances Fitzgerald, Marie Kaumaris, Marjorie Arsenault, Mary Wheble.

Tenors—Richard Lusk, David Carlino, Gordon Guest, Robert Griffin, Leo Papile, Joseph Louirio.

Basses—Carmello Nicosio, Matteo Lo Porto, Francis Giglio, Harry Daigle, George Kenney.

Dancers

7th Grade Dutch—Ruth Johnson, Charlotte Crooker, Shirley Johnson, Priscilla Lillibridge, Eleanor Mariano, Margaret Bell, Laura Contestable, Lillian Thomas, Edith Frager, Lydia Fertile, Josephine Russo, Carmella Graceffa, Olga Spadocia, Doris Smith, Lillian Failla, Philomena Louirio.

8th Grade Dutch—Angelina Bruce, Gloria McPhee, Eleanor Mullaney, Wilrene Ash, Josephine Ostrowski, Joseph Draicchio, Cynthia Terry, Blanche Tobey, Frances Burns, Lettie Parker, Doris Mandelli, Barbara Keegan, Constance Kanavos, Thelma Tibbets, Virginia Sartori, Betty Petzholdt.

Gipsy—Speranza Mastrianni, Antoinette Calabro, Dawn Blaisdell, Gina Tocchio, Mary Oliverio, Philipina Gangi, Ruth Kintigh.

Specialty—Alice Field.

Kitten Dance—Shirley Easton, Constance Forrest, Alice Danahy, Shirley Johnson, Verna Burke.

Dutch Waltz Clog—Virginia Sartori, Barbara Keegan, Frances Burns, Wilrene Ash, Shirley Johnson, Laura Contestable, Margaret Bell, Eleanor Mariano, Olga Spadocia, Lillian Faiella.

Boys' Drill—George Mattulina, Neil De Gravio, William Draicchio, Grant Bigelow, Herbert Scarenco, Vincent Best, Theodore De Christopher, Sidney Stone.

Acknowledgments

Scenery—Michael Barba, Albert Di Rado, Angelo Di Gravio, Kathleen Barry.

Dances arranged by Miss Allbright.

Shirley Easton, 9-7.

Ninth Grade Advisors

This year the members of the ninth grade class elected Miss Manchester, Miss Birge, and Mr. Walsh as overseers of the various ninth grade activities.

Margaret Kay, 9-7

The Courtesy Drive

This year the Student Council, under the sponsorship of Mr. Walsh, conducted one of the most successful courtesy campaigns presented in this school in many years. Although the duration of the campaign was for two weeks only, courtesy was practiced throughout the school year. The points were effectively put forth by plays, talks, and posters. The Student Council members worked very diligently to make the campaign a success, and they were amply rewarded by the remarkable co-operation and the eagerness shown by all the members of the student body and faculty.

The purpose of the campaign was to acquaint everyone with the word "courtesy" and to stress all the factors pertaining to that desirous quality.

Margaret Kay, 9-7

Spelling Bee

Again this year the "Boston Herald" sponsored a spelling bee contest for all the high schools and ninth grade pupils in the Boston area. The purpose of this contest was to determine the best speller in the ninth, tenth, eleventh and the twelfth grades. In our school, the following were the division winners:

9-1 Nelson Johnsen	9-5 Helen Aldoupolis
9-2 Laverna Arsenault	9-6 Michael Della Barba
9-3 Marie Kaumaris	9-7 Francis Marr
9-4 Marie Burnham	9-8 Bernadette Young

Each of these winners received a bronze medal. Bernadette Young, the school champion, also received a silver medal.

Margaret Kay, 9-7

"In the Shadow of Bunker Hill"

"In the Shadow of Bunker Hill," was presented to the pupils through the kindness of the Schraft Candy Company. The film showed many of the historical places of Boston, and depicted the modern methods and processes used in making Schraft's candy.

The pupils, on their return to their home-rooms, received a generous sample of Schraft's chocolates.

Margaret Conroy, 9-2

St. Valentine's Dance

In the gymnasium, on February seventeenth, a St. Valentine's Dance was enjoyed by the ninth grade class.

Prizes were awarded to the best dancers, and those who were judged as deserving of this title were Bernard Ranieri and Eleanor DeMeo, John Glynn and Rachel Bartholomew. The party concluded with the grand march. An enjoyable time was had by all.

Helen Paige, 9-4

School Newspapers

Congratulations are extended to the members of the Reporters' Club for the second successful year of the publication of "The Beacon."

"The Monthly Howl" was initiated by some enthusiastic members of the ninth grade whose aim was to print material that would be of especial interest to ninth graders only.

Margaret Kay, 9-7

New Uniforms

A shiny array of new football uniforms was seen when Mike Barba led the Point football team on to the field to commence its first football season. Sincere thanks is extended to Mr. James N. Muir, Superintendent of the Quincy Schools; Mr. J. J. Carter, Head of the Health Education Department; and members of the Quincy School Committee, for outfitting the team with new uniforms.

John Glynn, 9-4

Previews of Progress

On December fourteenth, the pupils attended "Previews of Progress" at Quincy High School. They were delighted at the experiments which took them behind the scenes and showed the ingenious devices and methods used in bringing about the progress of the world.

This performance gave the pupils a better understanding and a keener appreciation of the working methods and achievements of research scientists of the past and present day.

Margaret Kay, 9-7

Christmas Music

The assembly on Thursday, December sixteen, was made possible through the kindness of Mrs. Berthold. The artists who presented this program were: Mrs. Berthold, 'cellist; Mrs. Allen, pianist; Mrs. DeWolf, violinist; and Mrs. Hershey, vocal soloist. By means of an imaginary trip around the world, they brought to us the Christmas carols of each country. The school, with Miss Howes as the director, participated in the singing of a few of the carols.

The program was enjoyed by all. We hope it will be our good fortune to hear these artists again.

Hope Whiting, 9-7

Poster Contest

Point was well represented in the animal poster contest of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The humane idea and execution were both taken into consideration for the distribution of prizes.

The following won the bronze medal (blue ribbon), or first prize: Nelson Johnson, Victor Salvati, Katheleen Barry, and Eunice Alexander.

Those who won the bronze medal (red ribbon), or second prize, were: Francis Trubiano, Mary Todd, Phyllis Hindmarsh, and Hope Whiting.

The honorable mentions, Nunzio Bolea and Robert Johnson, were given a year's subscription to the magazine "Our Dumb Animals."

Bernard Ranieri, 9-7

Health in Skiing

The assembly on Thursday, April 28, in charge of Mr. Bowyer, consisted of a film on the fundamentals of skiing and a very impressive talk by Mr. James J. Carter, head of the Health Education Department. Mr. Carter stressed the importance of sports as an extra curriculum activity.

Bernard Ranieri, 9-7

School Loyalty

Nothing is more gratifying to see than a loyal pupil, a student who has resolved to cling to his school in its endeavor to raise its name aloft.

A pupil should make worthy resolutions to loyally adhere to his authority. The laws, which the school has endeavored to enforce, should not be downtrodden by pupils, but instead they should submit to their authority. Every pupil should yield to the rules, not in a ludicrous manner, but as a lady and gentleman would obey school laws. Be a loyalist. Your loyalty will not be in vain, but, instead, profitable. A loyalist should be an example in the highest degree.

Our school will most likely be judged by its pupils. Be sure that only the highest regard for our school will be carried away.

Bernard Ranieri,
School President.

Faculty Notes

This year Point extends its welcoming hand to Mrs. Ford and Mr. Walsh, the two new members of the faculty, who have come to fill the vacancies left by Mrs. Bergquist and the former Miss Blakney. We hope that their stay with us will be enjoyable.

Miss Walton will leave us this year to pursue the career of matrimony. We sincerely wish her every happiness in the world. She may rest assured if wishes would materialize, ours would warrant joys everlasting during her whole life. May Miss Walton's memories of Point, its pupils, and its teachers, always be pleasant ones.

The Editor.

IN MEMORIAM

The faculty and pupils of Quincy Point Junior High School extend their sincere sympathy to Mrs. Nathaniel Hunting, the wife of Dr. Nathaniel Hunting, that greatly loved doctor and committeeman.

The Editor

News From Hawaii

By Paul Grant, Class of June, 1937

In the following paragraphs I am going to try to describe several interesting things that everyone on the Island of Oahu looks forward to; namely, Army and Navy maneuvers, searchlight reviews, Schofield Reviews, the coming of the U. S. Navy; and also a little about schools, the island, the earthquake, Pearl Harbor, and Hickam Field.

There are six major high schools in Honolulu, the three foremost of these being McKinley, Roosevelt, and Punahou. McKinley is often referred to as Tokio High because there are so many Japanese enrolled there. Punahou is a private school and is considered the best school in all the islands. Roosevelt, the school which I attend, is ranked as the second best. The system is very much like the system which you people have now. We have eight periods a day, counting lunch, and are allowed to take four solid subjects. We have no courses over here and a person is required to take only four years of English, two of history, and one of science. Mathematics is not required.

Hawaii is noted for its beauty and tropical sunshine, and immediately when a person thinks of Hawaii he thinks of Waikiki Beach and surfing. Hawaii really is beautiful. Everywhere one sees mountains, palm trees, and water in the distance. One of the most beautiful sights is Diamond Head at sunset. When the sky is red and the sun sets in the west, it just makes Diamond Head outstanding. It was named Diamond Head because at one time there was discovered some quartz, and the men who found it called it Diamond Hill. After they discovered that there were no diamonds there, it was called Diamond Head. Other popular sights are the Blowhole, Koko Head Crater, the Pali, Mormon Temple, pineapple and sugar cane fields, Schofield Barracks, and numerous others. The sun (La) is not all it is supposed to be; it rains here for days at a time, and when I say rain, I mean rain. Waikiki Beach is the most popular beach on the islands. It is not a very large beach, but it is very popular. The water is very warm, usually anywhere from 70 to 80 degrees. The most popular sport at Waikiki is surfing.

Now I shall try to describe how it feels to be in a real earthquake. I was reading in the living room about ten o'clock when suddenly everything seemed to be moving. The earth shook terribly and I couldn't imagine just what it could be. The family was entertaining company at the time, and we all rushed out to see what it was. Then the tremblers left as suddenly as they came. A few minutes later we heard over the radio there had been an earthquake. Over in Mavi, where the quake was believed to have centered, it did considerable property damage. In fact, the next few days there were a few slight tremors. Luckily, there was no serious damage on this island. There you have a vague idea of how an earthquake suddenly comes and leaves.

One of the most powerful naval bases in the world is located on the island of Oahu—Pearl Harbor. Right now the most powerful and newest ships of the U. S. Navy are anchored there—one hundred and fifty ships of all categories, with the exception of the aircraft carriers Saratoga, Lexington, and the Ranger, which are anchored off Kaikiki Beach.

On one side of Pearl Harbor is Fort Kamehameha, and on the other side is Fort Weaver. Each of these forts has very strong batteries of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen inch guns. The entrance to Pearl Harbor is very narrow, and for that reason the aircraft carriers cannot chance the entrance.

Just to the left of Pearl Harbor, looking Makai (toward the sea) is Hickham Field. This is the largest army airport in the world, and it is all streamlined. It holds all the new consolidated bombers that arrived a few months ago. Quarters for the enlisted men and officers are being made now.

The Army and Navy maneuvers were just completed in the last month. Although the people on the island didn't know what was going on, several times when they awoke in the morning they could see squadrons of airplanes flying overhead and doing all kinds of fancy flying and sham battles.

The Navy maneuvers commenced soon after the Army maneuvers ceased. There were about one hundred and fifty ships of all categories and fifty-five thousand men and officers. The population increased from 130,000 to 180,000 overnight. It was a wonderful sight to see all the ships coming around Diamond Head and go toward Pearl Harbor. I went to Pearl City to see all the ships and among them was the U.S.S. Quincy. On April 14, the combined fleet with the thirty-four searchlights from Fort Shafter will put on a searchlight review, which is one of the most spectacular and picturesque shows put on by the Army. Most of the reviews are held at Fort De Russey in the shadow of Diamond Head. About thirty-four searchlights of the newest design with a range of seven miles are used. These are arranged around a large parade ground in the shape of an oval from the air. The soldiers line up opposite the reviewing stand and then commence marching. Immediately the powerful beams of the searchlights set up a sort of canopy of light over the marching soldiers at an angle of 45°. After the soldiers cease marching the searchlights put on color screens of various colors and light up the sky with a perfectly blended tone of color. Then they do all different designs and lastly they all point directly up with a lone searchlight to guide them. The whole show lasts about half an hour.

Also associated with these reviews are the big reviews that are staged at Schofield Barracks. You all probably know that Schofield Barracks is the largest army post in the world. The most impressive scene is the mass flight of planes. First in the line come two large transport trains with the commanding general and his staff. Then the new Douglas bombing planes come—thirteen strong. These first two squadrons of planes I just mentioned just keep going on after they fly over the reviewing stand. The rest of the planes, which are small bombing and pursuit planes, fly overhead and circle around and fly in the direction of Kole Kole pass. Then they pass in review going full speed. That is the finale of a Schofield Review and nowhere else in the United States can a searchlight review or Schofield Review be put on.

I hope you all have enjoyed reading the "News from Hawaii" and now I must bid you all Aloha Nui Oe until we meet again.

From the Pens of Painters

Roddy Alias Roderick Rhodes

There he is! There he is, the little darling! Such was the cry of an enraptured crowd who had gathered around the place where the premier of the child star of Hollywood's Roderick Rhodes' latest picture had just been shown. The cause of this cry was the appearance of a young well-dressed gentleman of eleven years escorted by a loving mother and beaming critics. "Really, mother," spoke the lad with an air of disgust, "can't we escape from these gaping mongrels? This clamoring for autographs annoys me immensely although, of course (with a superior smile and throwing back of thin shoulders), we really can't blame them for wishing mine."

"Of course, dear," soothed his mother. "Into the limousine and off we'll go, Roddy darling." Roddy darling stepped daintily into the beautiful car and drove off leaving the staring public with a feeling of adoration mixed with indignation. Reaching his home Roderick spent the remainder of the afternoon improving his vocabulary.

This whirl of superior living went on and on and would be going on still if it weren't for Roderick's visit to a boys' school. Moving majestically through reporters and camera men he stepped heroically into the red-bricked building waving farewell to his mother and nodding hello to Mr. Donnell, the principal. Noticing the air of martyrdom Roderick had assumed, Mr. Donnell smiled to himself and said aloud, "Come this way, Roderick, and I'll introduce you to some of the boys." Mr. Donnell left Roddy with a group of boys whose leader was a red-headed youth, Bob Wright.

After a long silence our ill-mannered gentleman said cynically, "Lively group — I must say." Aiming his remarks at Bob he spoke again, "Has your hair always been of that disgusting brilliancy?"

Up started one shocked boy from the group saying, "Don't let him get away with it, Bob!"

"Let him alone," answered Bob flashing. "But I'm warning you, Fauntlaroy, I don't take much and like it."

Fauntlaroy rushed at him with threatening fists proving, at least, to the boys that

he wasn't a coward. After a battle of fifteen minutes the gang, with the consent of Bob, took Roderick as one of them and spent an enjoyable, but dusty afternoon playing football.

At seven o'clock photographers and newspaper men gathered about the school and saw come out of it not Roderick Rhodes, child actor; but Roddy, one of the gang.

Mary Sullivan, 9-2

Benefit By Experience

"Oh! mother," shouted Mary as she ran swiftly to her mother's bedroom, "the Yankees are in the city and they're destroying all the property."

"Be calm my dear," answered her mother who, despite her slight wrinkles and graying temples, was still beautiful, "we'll stay in this house as long as it stands, and then —" she dropped her sentence with a prolonged sigh.

"But, mother, will they destroy our beautiful home and grounds?" asked Mary who, despite her fifteen years, did not realize the full significance and horror of war.

"Yes, dear," answered her mother, "get as many things as you can together, for we'll be leaving soon." Mary did not ask any more questions but started to pack things which she considered important. A few tears fell as she forced her beautiful blue party dress to fit her grip; for she knew she would not have occasion to wear it again, at least, not for a long time, and then her prized dress would no longer fit. She dried her tears as her mother called her. "Mary," she began, "no matter what happens, keep your chin up. You're a young lady now and you must have courage. Father and Bob are still alive and we'll hope and pray that the dear God will send them back to us soon."

"Yes, mother, I understand. I'll be brave," said Mary, trying her best to sound that way.

"That's right, dear," said her mother with a smile.

"Mrs. Warrington, Mrs. Warrington," shouted Ramsay, the old faithful servant, the only one left, "the Yankees are coming up the road."

"Oh, mother!" began Mary.

"Don't forget, Mary," interrupted her mother. Mary, her mother, and Ramsay were at the door when the Yankees burst in.

The man that seemed to be the leader said, "Are you three the only people on this estate?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Warrington, "may we have time to get a few belongings together?"

"All right, but make it quick," he answered, as he gave orders to his men. Mrs. Warrington, Ramsay and Mary began quickly to gather some necessities. As Mary was hustling about the house, she stopped and looked at the soldiers who were smashing the windows and bringing their axes down on the beautiful old furniture.

As they quietly walked down the road it was dusk and as Mary turned back to take a last look at the beautiful house in which she was born and had always lived, she saw that the house was surrounded by a wall of flames. In Mrs. Warrington's eyes there glistened tears, while Ramsay guided her as she walked.

With other refugees they sought shelter in an adjoining city. Mary procured a job in a plantation and arrived home late each evening. Mrs. Warrington was sick and Mary took care of her as much as possible. Ramsay cooked their meals and tried to make things comfortable.

Two weeks later peace was declared. All homes were turned to rejoicing and happiness. Father and Bob arrived home. Mr. Warrington said to Mary, "I'm proud of you, my girl. You have the makings of a great woman." These few words, thought Mary, were worth every bit of the suffering she had endured. "We should be thankful we have each other to start a new, happy, and prosperous life," he said, "and let us benefit by this bitter experience. Now let us all bow our heads and thank God for having each other."

Eleanor De Meo, 9-3

One of the Best

Jim Craig, the most daring boy in his neighborhood, longed to become an aviator, one of the best. He wanted to fly, but not as a pilot fighting for his country in time of war and bringing down enemy planes, for he called such goings on murder. Jim's father was one of the millions of unfortunate

men who "never came back." "I'll never," thought Jim, "fight in a war."

Jim was greatly encouraged to take up his beloved profession by the parish priest, Father David, a very garrulous, but earnest preacher. He was well loved by Jim, in fact, Father David was Jim's boyhood obsession.

When Jim was of age his dreams of success came true; for he became, at last, a full pledged pilot flying the U. S. Mail across the country. At the time the people were enjoying the fruits of peace.

Peace's reign was interrupted by the most dreaded activity of human beings — War! Men courageously enlisted and the other shy men were drafted. Among the men drafted as air pilots was Jim Craig.

Jim was miserable at the Air Drone. He was being forced to do the thing he hated most, participating in war. Luckily Jim had to train before being assigned to a plane. Day after day he watched his fellow pilots being killed. The sound of an airplane motor-mast drove him frantic, for he knew sometime he would have to fill in a departed pilot's position. How he feared and dreaded that day!

Jim was dazed and overcome with fear when he was assigned to a plane. He'd have to fly on the following day. His first thought was to desert the squadron. But, no, would he be fulfilling Father David's expectations? Would "one of the best" desert his company? All these thoughts were quickly banished as Jim dashed for a plane. He leaped in the cockpit, started the motor when "Go get him, Jim!" rang in his ears. He reeled in the cockpit and there before his eyes stood the C. O. pointing to an enemy plane overhead. What could he do? He couldn't back out before the eyes of the C. O. No! He had to come through for Father David. The best would always come through. He took off, and when almost in range of the plane, he fired his machine gun, almost successfully. He skillfully avoided the enemy's bullets and when he was directly beside the opposing plane he fired, the shots being most fatal. Slowly Jim glided down, and as he landed tears came to his eyes. "To think," said Jim softly, "I almost branded myself a quitter!" Then he smiled; he thought of Father David, and then of Jim Craig the pilot, one of the best.

Bernard Ranieri, 9-7

Caught In A Blizzard

Beth watched her baby sister trotting gleefully here and there. "Gosh! but nothing really happens here," thought Beth. She called her younger sister and told her to mind the baby.

With a running leap she landed on her pony and galloped away in the December air which brushed against her hot cheeks. It began to grow dark and the wind moaned louder and louder and the snow began to fall. Although only fifteen, she was the man of the family, or anyway, that's what she called herself. Turning Queenie around she tried to steer the horse through that — "Gosh!" gasped Beth, "it can't be a blizzard. It-it-can't start now," she shrieked. "Oh God! that ever this should be!"

The horse fell at the doorstep of the stable and lay still. The snow had blinded Queenie. Beth spoke, oh, so softly, so the poor horse struggled, stood up, and Beth led him into the stable and then she stumbled into the kitchen. Her mother greeted her with a sigh of relief. "Where's Vi and the baby?" asked Beth after a while.

Her mother turned pale, "Why! oh! I-er-er thought they were with you."

"Mother!" shrieked Beth to be heard above noises of the raising blizzard, "mother! then they must be in that storm. I'm going after them," she cried, fixing on her snow shoes. Her mother tried to stop her, but couldn't. Cunning baby and Vi! Were they out in that blizzard? If they were, would she ever find them? These thoughts raced through her mind until she could scream. The wind pushed her back, but sturdily she kept on. She couldn't see a foot ahead of her and then she stumbled and lay gasping for a minute and then she trudged through the blizzard. Alone, all alone on the great Indian desert where the blizzard raged! Beth lifted her hand to her face. It felt warm, then cold, and looking at her freezing hand, to her horror, she saw that it was red with blood which was trickling down her face, forming icicles. It hurt where the skin had been cut by the sharp wind. Then from loss of blood she staggered, fell, and she knew no more.

But all this time Queenie's eyesight, which had played a trick on her, was restored, after she had remained in a warm shelter for

a short time. Getting restless she had pushed open the stable door just in time to see her mistress leave. Faithfully she followed Beth until she fell. Then Queenie stood over Beth sheltering her as much as she could from the raging blizzard. Then as slowly as possible she dragged the unconscious Beth back home. Consciousness returned after Beth's mother had dragged her in with the help of the faithful Queenie. "Baby! Vi!" moaned Beth.

"They are safe in bed where they fell asleep this morning," smiled mother.

Getting up on her knees Beth thanked the Lord, "Oh, God in heaven, I thank thee on this day which has made me understand this work which thou hast laid gently on my young shoulders," and her voice trailed off into a whisper and she sank back to unconsciousness again.

Nancy DiTocco, 9-5

When Duty Calls

It was a cold and snowy night when Edna was going for a doctor. Her sister, two years younger than she, was home in bed with a cold that almost choked her. For two days she had been like that, coughing and crying. Today she could scarcely breathe. Her father was away on business and her mother had died when her little brother Tim was born. It was with Tim that Edna left sick Jane, having made him promise to stay awake until she returned.

Edna hurried through the snow as it was coming down faster and thicker. "Two miles more," murmured Edna to herself, as she quickened her paces. "I hope he's home so he can come quickly. Poor Jane! I'll have to get father to come home, if she gets any worse." Edna was nearing Dr. Jenkins' house. Soon she would see if he were at home.

Sure enough, as she turned the corner, she saw the car parked out in front of the house. Edna, relieved of some of her worries, started running. Just as she reached the steps, the door opened and Dr. Jenkins rushed out, running down the stairs two at a time. He almost fell over Edna as she was going up the stairs. "Why, Edna Downing, what are you doing here?" exclaimed the Doctor, when he found out who it was. Edna explained quickly in short words. Dr. Jenkins didn't know what to do. He figured from

what Edna told him Jane must have pneumonia. But he didn't tell her. He had just received a call from the hospital telling him one of his patients, whom he had been watching carefully to see whether he would turn for better or worse, had turned for worse. He was needed both places. Which place should he go? To the home from which came a girl four miles through snow and freezing weather asking him to save her sister? Or to the hospital, where there were other doctors? But if he saved this man it would mean he would be the first to find a curative for a disease that was killing many people. He looked down at the girl whose big eyes were asking him to save her sister. He was thinking: Here's a girl of thirteen years, young and free, who doesn't know what life is yet, sick with pneumonia, that he hopes he can save; and a mile away is an old man who has had his days — happy ones, too. Should he go and save him and get what he was working for — fame — fame, so more people would come to him when they were ill and trust him?

Then without hesitation and further thought he told the girl to wait until he came out. He hurried into his house and called another doctor asking him to tend to the patient at the hospital. He told the physician what to do to save the man if he continued getting worse. He rushed out, taking Edna's arm and helping her into his car, put his foot on the gas, and raced the car through the streets as if someone were following them and they were doing their best trying to get away.

In short time they reached Edna's home. They rushed in and there they found Tim beside his sister, holding her hand. Jane was wide awake, her eyes were red, her breath came in short gasps. "Take that boy from the room. I'll have to examine him after. He might catch it," said the doctor to Edna.

"Do you mean catch the cold, doctor?" questioned Edna.

"No, I might as well tell you now that Jane has a bad case of pneumonia, and I'm afraid he might catch it; also yourself, but I need some one to help me."

"Pneumonia!" cried Edna, not trying to believe it. "Is it very bad?"

"Well, you should have called me yesterday, but if I work quickly, I guess she'll pull through."

All night they worked on Jane trying to make her breathe easier. Toward dawn she was sleeping peacefully and Dr. Jenkins said she would recover. He then rested while Edna prepared some breakfast. When Tim awoke, Dr. Jenkins looked him over and found that he had no signs of pneumonia. Then Dr. Jenkins left saying that he would return on the following day. After he had gone, Edna went to bed feeling as though she hadn't slept for a week.

Dr. Jenkins, after returning to his home, went to the hospital only to find that the patient had turned for better and that the other physician had not found it necessary to administer his aid.

About noon the patient again turned for worse. Dr. Jenkins rushed back to the hospital and tried his experiment. It proved to cure the disease.

Mabel DiTullio, 9-4

Condemned!

The time seemingly had wings, but in reality the timepiece, perched majestically on its accustomed throne, ticked in its usual perfect rhythm. Its hands were the only signs of movement and these signs alone told him the hour was near.

His eyes were fixed on the clock, which seemed to stare back just as intently. But occasionally, drawn by some magnetic force, his eyes focused on the crystal mirror which reflected a pale, haggard face that did not bear resemblance to the happy countenance that had been his only a week ago. His feet tapped monotonously on the hard, cold floor. His face was covered with perspiration and his hands were strangely chilled. He knew that there was no way to escape his fate.

Life was a funny thing. One minute, everything seemed to be running smoothly—no worries, no troubles, just a carefree existence. The next minute one was caught entangled in an inescapable web.

His doom was sealed. It was not of his doing, but of other wills stronger than his, to whom he was infinitely indebted. For days he had longed for some means of escape, but he no longer dared to hope.

There was the signal! The ringing of bells pierced his train of thought like an unexpected explosion. He jumped to his feet, his heart thumping, his face filled with despair. The time had come at last. He had one comforting thought — it would be soon over.

An expression of determination supplanted the look of despair on his face. Squaring his shoulders, he marched forward. He would face it like a man.

Twelve year old Bobby Dunn, bouquet in hand, was off to do his duty by escorting Barbara Ann to Patty's birthday party.

Ruth Eng, 8-1

Why Worry?

Pacing up and down in a small room filled with smoke was a tall, dark complexioned man named John Howe. In another corner sat Steve Lanning, a friend of his.

"Every minute seems like days. I don't know what to do," complained Mr. Howe.

"Aw, sit down and take a load off your feet," said Steve. "You're not here for life."

"If only I could do something instead of having to stay stuffed in this room like a lion in a cage," said Mr. Howe.

"Let's have a game of cards to make you forget about it for a while," was Steve's reply.

"How can I ever forget about it?"

"Oh, come, let's have a game of Michigan," said Steve. They sat down and started to play. Every time it was Mr. Howe's turn he had to be told so because he couldn't keep his mind on the game.

"Pay attention to the game!" shouted Steve.

"Oh, all right, I'll try," said Mr. Howe.

They sat and played while Mr. Howe wiggled around in his seat, smoking cigarette after cigarette.

"I can't play any more," said Mr. Howe. "I'm worn out enough as it is now."

Just then the door opened and a nurse walked in saying, "Everything's all right, Mr. Howe. It's a seven pound baby boy, and mother and son are resting comfortably."

Berton Steir, 7-1

Well Done, Caddie

"Gosh, I'll sure miss Grandma," said Caddie, wiping away a tear or two. Caddie and her cousin were just returning from the church-yard, in the sleepy town of Crancy, where Caddie's grandmother had just been buried.

"Well, you should," said cousin Hettie. "You were with her all the time, reading those old books of hers."

"They are not old, Hettie Sawyer," denied Caddie hotly.

"Well, she could have left you some money, and the Lord knows she had it, and she knew you needed it since your folks died, instead of leaving you so many musty, old, worm-eaten books. They aren't going to buy you new clothes," spat her cousin.

But that very night, true to her Grandmother's last wish, Caddie began the first of the set of ten books which her Grandmother had left her. The next day, as she neared the end of the book, a piece of paper dropped out, and as Caddie bent to examine it, what met her gaze was a fifty-dollar bill. With it was a slip of paper, and as Caddie turned it over, she recognized her dear Grandmother's writing on it reading:

"Well done, Caddie. These books that I have left you are my dearest possessions, since your dear Grandfather was the presenter of them. Read them, Caddie, and store away the knowledge which I have received from them. Well done, Caddie."

And so it was with every book. Caddie found a fifty-dollar bill in everyone of them, and with it a slip of paper with some of her Grandmother's treasured words on it, recalling the wonderful days of the past.

Lillian Alibertini, 9-7

Cured

The Wasps's locker room was empty except for two silent members of the team. The Wasps's hockey team had been considered one of the best in the league until Bob Sheen had joined it. He didn't believe in passing and teamwork, but in solo undertakings with the puck, which he practiced. The team had gone to pieces, and the brilliant defense and offence work with it. To everyone he was just a "wise guy" and everyone disliked

him. The two silent players mentioned before were "Flash" Scale, a star center; and Bill Seward, a very good goalie and manager of the Wasps. "Flash" broke the silence first, "Sheen's good, but he thinks he's better. He's broken us up and if we sell him now —"

"Yeah," grated Bill, "his goals have kept us in second place and if we did kick him out we'd drop lower. If he wouldn't solo so much and fight so much, he would have been in the big league a long time ago. Anyway, we need the price we'd get for him because Dad Bailey is broke." Dad Bailey was owner of the club and he could use some money very much. All of his money had gone toward the new hockey rink.

"It was too bad we had to lose tonight," said Flash, "for we're two games behind the Scotties now, and we play three games with them for the championship, so we've gotta win all of 'em."

At this point the wise guy walked in, "Hello, punks! Just because you guys took me out tonight you lost."

"Listen, Sheen, no one around here likes you and that includes me. I've wanted to smack you ever since you joined us and I think I'll do it now. It might knock some sense into your head!"

Bill started toward his tormenter but was stopped with a punch to the solar plexus. He bounded up again only to get knocked down again. Seward was taking a bad beating, but he was wearing down Sheen. Pretending to be dazed he staggered toward Bob Sheen, who just stood there. Bill put everything he had behind a punch and knocked Bob over the bench and he stayed there, knocked out. A bucket of water brought him to, and he shook hands with his vanquisher saying, "You've taught me my lesson, and I'll be better after this. Thanks."

Two weeks later scouts from the big league were clamoring for him and the Browns bought him for \$15,000. That money and the money received for winning the championship (for they had won all three games with Bob's help making a difference) put the club back on its feet and Bill Seward has become noted for turning out good hockey players and sending them up to the big league.

James Milne, 9-2

The Work of A Husky

In a tiny village on the outskirts of frozen Alaska the fever still raged. The one doctor could do little or nothing for the people without the much needed serum. The epidemic spread rapidly day after day until only five of the thirty inhabitants were able to go about and these were needed to get food for the people.

"Without the serum I'm licked," said the doctor, as he wearily dropped down on the bunk in his cabin for a much needed rest. The great husky that lay before the fire now rose and stretched himself and walked over to the bunk. The doctor absently patted his head. The wireless set, the only strand that had kept them in touch with civilization, was broken. There was just a faint hope that his first message had gone through. "Well, Buck old boy, I'm afraid it's up to you," spoke the doctor. A deep growl answered this. The doctor roused himself enough to scribble a message and tie it to the dog's collar and open the door to let him out. Then he dropped back into his bunk to slip into a fitful sleep of an overworked and overtired man, for soon he would have to go out and make his round again.

Like a streak the great husky sped on his mission of mercy, while the painracked people of Chenook still held on. On and on he raced, out across the wide expanse of glistening white snow, stopping only now and then to get his breath or to lap a mouthful of snow itself with his great white fur coat and his bright eyes darting here and there always looking for any signs of life in that empty region of ice and snow. With almost human intelligence he raced on still faster as if knowing that thirty lives depended on him. But no sign did he see, so on and on he raced, farther and farther away from the tiny village.

Not in vain was his mission, for before the sun sank a tiny speck was seen in the distance. With a sudden burst of speed he hastened onward as if he knew that that tiny speck brought help. As the distance was covered, a weary dog team with a red-coated mounty on behind was seen. As the lone dog and the mounty's team drew nearer, Buck disregarded the team and walked straight toward the mounty who stopped his team and took the paper from Buck's collar, as the exhausted dog dropped down in the soft

snow. The mounty unhitched his team, fed the dogs and Buck, and after allowing him to rest for an hour, tied the precious serum to Buck's collar in place of the note and untied him. The mounty realized that a single dog could cover more territory and in less time than a whole dog team.

Straight for home rushed Buck bringing the serum and life to the stricken village. The mounty arrived in Chenook two days later. Ten men were outside to greet him and twenty more convalescing, all singing the praises of Buck.

The people of Chenook were now out of danger and the fever was rapidly disappearing. Only the untiring efforts of the husky could have brought the serum to the stricken people in time. This is the work of a husky.

Margaret Wellington, 9-3

Always Supported

It was a chilly, early autumn evening and Mrs. Jones and her five children were sitting by the fireplace when Jane, the oldest of the five exclaimed, "Mother, where are we going to get the money to pay the mortgage this time?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mrs. Jones. "Since your father died we haven't had enough money to live on. I can't get a job and you're too young, so we'll just have to give up the house."

"Oh no, mother, not that," cried Jane. "I won't let anyone take this house away. I'll try to deliver some things for Mr. Market. He doesn't think I'm young."

"We'll see," replied mother. "Now go to bed."

The next day after a slight breakfast, Jane asked her mother for a basket. "What do you need a basket for, my child?" questioned her mother.

"I—I thought maybe I could — could get a job del-delivering orders for Mr. Market," Edna replied hesitantly.

"All right, but be sure to bring it back," was Mrs. Jones's reply.

That evening, while Mrs. Jones and her four children were having a piece of dry bread and milk, Jane ran in yelling, "Mother, mother, we're going to eat again! I made (she stops) three dollars and ninety-five cents delivering orders for Mr. Market!"

"Bless you, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, holding the money next to her heart.

This went on for four weeks and one day while she was coming home through a lonely street a tall man stopped Jane.

"Let me go! Let me go!" screamed Jane.

"Don't get excited," answered the man. "I just want to ask you a few questions."

"I haven't time," returned Jane impatiently. "My mother and sisters are waiting for me, and I must hurry home."

"You'll have time when you find out who I am," he answered gently.

"Who are you and what do you want me for?" asked Jane rudely.

"Well, if you want to know," the stranger replied, "I have been following you for four weeks and have seen you stealing apples from Mr. Gray's orchards and going home telling your dear mother you earned the money."

"Oh! how could you do it? I had to tell mother that I earned it or we would probably all be dead by now," sobbed Jane.

"Yes, yes, quite true," agreed the gentleman, "but there is another reason. Is there not?"

"Yes," answered Jane crying.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Well," began Jane still crying, "we have our own home and our mortgage is due soon and we have no money to pay it so I thought, I thought—"

"So you thought if you stole the apples you could pay for it," the stranger interrupted.

"Yes," cried Jane, "you know the whole story."

To that the stranger replied, "Now that I know why you did it I shall tell you who I am. My name is Nathan Jones, your father's brother, making me your uncle. Your father's last request was that I take care of the family, and I promised him faithfully that I would. Accept this check."

"A check for two thousand five-hundred dollars!" gasped Jane. "Oh! it's more like a dream!"

"Now run home and I'll see you in the morning," he replied.

Jane ran as fast as she could repeating, "Goodnight, and thank you!"

Annie Brandes, 9-2

Fate Took A Good Turn

Sylvia Morrow, garbed in a dress of black, sat dazedly staring out at the world below her. Sylvia's room was not very beautiful, but the neat room now showed signs of sorrow and distress. The circumstances Sylvia were in gave her enough reason to be in so cheerless a state. Sylvia, who had recently completed her high school course, had planned to further her education by going to college with her friends. Due to her father's long illness and now his death, Sylvia must make a decided change in her plans. Mrs. Morrow, Sylvia's mother, had just been discussing the situation with Sylvia.

"My dear Sylvia, I know just how you feel about the matter. Poor father, his heart was set on having you go to college, but as the matter is now, his insurance wouldn't be hardly enough to send you through college."

"Oh, Mother, how selfish I am to think of going to college and leaving you. Perhaps — Oh, Mother, I just thought of something grand! I was thinking that this year I could open a kindergarten here, and the money brought in by the children would help send me through college the following year."

"The idea sounds very sensible, my dear. There are many youngsters, here in Boston, to whom it would do a world of good to have a few hours of training everyday for a very reasonable price."

Sylvia, very determined and anxious to see how her plans would work, emerged from her seat, reached for her coat and hat, and decided to go to the city hall and inquire about a teaching license. As she walked down the street, she heard paper boys shouting, "Extra! Extra! Three small children snatched in front of their homes this morning!" Sylvia's slender figure approached the paper boy. She purchased a paper and then started to read the exciting article about the kidnapping affair which had occurred two hours previous to that time. A twenty-thousand dollar offer was to be given as a reward for finding the kidnapper of the wealthy children. Just then a car, very badly dented, came around the corner and stopped in front of Sylvia.

A very gruff looking character opened the door and said in a very uncouth tone, "Say,

Miss, where's the nearest inn around here that's got a garage attached to it?" His words frightened Sylvia and suddenly she found herself dumbfounded. Not knowing whether to answer or not, Sylvia stood and gazed at the cruel looking creature. "Say, Miss, where's your tongue? I ask ye a simple question and ye stand there looking at me as though I killed ye."

Very much frightened, Sylvia gathered up her courage and replied, "I'm not very well acquainted with the ——! What is that I heard, sir?"

In the back seat Sylvia suddenly spied a large sack and from it there seemed to be coming faint, wailing groans. She suddenly became aware of the fact that perhaps here was the man who had kidnapped the children a few hours ago and that perhaps he was looking for an inn with a garage so that he could park his car while he lodged at the inn through the night.

While all these thoughts were revolving in Sylvia's mind, the man answered, "You must be hearing things, girlie."

But quick thinking Sylvia's ideas were not to be contradicted. Therefore she gave him directions for finding the inn and ran steadily toward police headquarters. She arrived at the police station breathless and in one breath of air related her preceding adventures. Sylvia, very excitedly, laid her plans before the chief, "If we can get into the inn after dark and get into the man's car, we shall be able to tell whether he is the kidnapper or not. We can search the car and try to find some evidence."

"I think the girl is right, captain. We can go down there at about twelve midnight and try to find some clue."

In the meantime, Sylvia phoned her mother and explained that she wouldn't be home that night, as she was detained for very important business.

At twelve midnight, the chief, together with Sylvia and the captain, rode nervously to the garage of the inn. With flashlights in their hands they quickly went up to the garage window of the inn. The man helped Sylvia into the car and then they got in themselves. Very luckily the policemen had a set of keys that fitted all cars. Thus, they opened the car and while one man held the

flashlight the other very hastily opened the sack and they saw —. Well, I guess you know the rest.

Poor Sylvia's heart broke as she saw the three children gagged and very close to death. They took the children back to the police headquarters for refuge. There, through many people's efforts and the use of the oxygen tank, the children survived. The chief and the captain then went back to the garage and took the number of the man's plates. Early in the morning they returned to the inn and asked to see the man whose car was in the garage. "Hands up!" said one of the policemen.

"What do ye mean by arresting an honest man like me?" returned the man.

In spite of the man's cries and protests he was arrested and taken to the police station, where he was sentenced in prison. An hour later all the newspaper boys were on the streets shouting, "Extra! Extra! Kidnappers of the Boston children found!" Following the headlines was a long article telling how Sylvia Morrow had been a very efficient detective in helping to find the kidnapper, and it was she who was going to receive the twenty thousand dollar reward offered.

Sylvia, speaking to her mother the following day, said, "Oh, Mother, imagine! I was going to inquire about teaching a kindergarten class, and now teaching will certainly not be necessary."

The Morrrows realized that "fate had suddenly taken a good turn."

Ethel Bernstein, 8-5

Marie's Secret

The curtain rises on Olaf and Sonya Sorvoryie, two Russian peasant children who lived with their mother, Marie Sorvoryie, on the outskirts of the little village of Kervitzie in northern Russia. Olaf and Sonya were twins of fourteen. Olaf had light complexion, dark curly hair, and blue-gray eyes, fringed with black curly lashes. Sonya had straight but thick black eyebrows and a high forehead. He had well-shaped lips and when he smiled, which was often, there was a flash of even white teeth. Sonya answered to the same description as Olaf, except that her eyebrows were lighter and not so straight.

Marie, the mother of Sonya and Olaf, was short and plump, with straight black hair and heavily-browed eyes. She had full lips and when she smiled you saw that her two front teeth were missing. Their father, Ivan, had died when they were children, and they remembered him dimly as a tall man with kindly blue eyes.

Olaf and Sonya worked side by side with Marie in their fields to wring a meager living from the soil. However, they did not mind the work, for they were all healthy, and working together made their task easier. Sonya had a lovely voice and she often sang as they worked, while Marie and Olaf joined in the chorus.

In the early evening they would trudge wearily home, after their hard day's labor to their little home which consisted of three rooms and a little shed, attached to the house, in which they stored wood for the long winter and hay for their cow which was also kept in the shed. The three rooms in the little house were Olaf's bedroom, Sonya's and Marie's bedroom, and the kitchen. In the cellar they stored their food for the winter. The furnishings of this little house were few, but spotlessly clean. They would usually go to bed after the evening meal, for early to bed means early to rise.

However, Olaf and Sonya did not work in the fields every day, for during the winter when snow covered the ground, making work in the fields impossible, they went to school to learn the three "R's." Both Sonya and Olaf did good work in school. They made friends easily and were very popular with the other boys and girls in the village.

About a quarter of a mile from the village lay the remains of a beautiful mansion which had once been the heart of a great estate. Whenever Olaf and Sonya had a free day, which wasn't very often, they would pack a lunch and go to the mansion in the morning to spend the day exploring the mansion and the grounds surrounding it. This mansion had once been owned by the Count Demcenko. He had lived here with a beautiful young wife and his two small children, a boy and a girl, until the time of the Revolution, when he and his family were forced to flee for their lives. No one knew what became of them but the common belief was that all of them had been killed. The mansion had been

utterly ruined, for an attempt to burn it had been made. The house stood on a small hill. There was a curved driveway lined with trees leading to the doorway, and not so very far back from the house were the remains of what had probably been the stables.

As Olaf and Sonya wandered through the deserted house they could see traces of past grandeur. On the walls were the remains of a few beautiful but absolutely ruined pictures. The furniture that remained was mostly in pieces and upstairs, in what had apparently been the servants' quarters, you could see the clouds sailing by, for the roof had completely caved in in more than one room. In one of the downstairs rooms there was a beautiful red brick fireplace in which Olaf sometimes made a fire, if the day was cold. One day while they were playing around the fireplace, they accidentally discovered a secret hiding place. The hiding place was bare of any papers or valuables.

Olaf and Sonya led a simple but happy and contented life. They worked very hard and their pleasures were few and simple. There had been but one tragedy in their lives and that was the death of their father, Ivon. Now a second tragedy threatened, for Marie was ill, desperately ill. One of their neighbors, a kindly old soul, had come to live with them so that she could take care of Marie, while Olaf and Sonya were out in the fields.

One evening, a few minutes before bedtime, Marie cried out in a weak voice, "Olaf, Sonya, come here for a moment." Olaf and Sonya went into the room and sat down on either side of the bed. Marie began to speak again in a weak voice, "I have called you in here to tell you something important and I do not want either of you to interrupt me. When I have finished, I want both of you to go right to bed without saying a word. I don't want you to talk about it. I may as well begin at the beginning. I used to be a personal maid to the Countess Demcenko and Ivon used to be a gardener. We were married when we had both been there about four years, and continued with our work. When her two children were born, I was made their nurse. Then the Revolution came and most of the servants left, but Ivon and I remained. One night the Count called Ivon

and me into the very room where you told me about finding the secret hiding place. He gave Ivon some valuable family heirloom and papers proving the identity of his children, for you see Ivon and I were to have the care of them. The Count and Countess had to flee for their lives, and they knew that if they were caught the children would be shown no mercy. They were going to friends in England and then were to send for their children. I brought up the children as my own. I didn't hear from the Count and Countess until a few weeks ago. They have been trying to get in touch with me for years, and now that they have succeeded they are on their way here. You will find the papers and heirloom buried in a strong box beneath the great tree standing in the fields. They are your papers, my children, for you are the son and daughter of Count Demcenko. You may go to bed now."

They obeyed in silent wonder and the next morning Marie had gone away, never to return.

Blanche Tobey, 8-1

A Church

On a little island in the middle of the Seine River in Paris, there rises to the heavens a magnificent prayer in stone. This cathedral was built by those who could not donate money to its erection, but gave all that they could offer. They gave freely of their time and of their trade. It is because this great edifice is a labor of love that it is so beautiful. A church erected by paid workmen, with only the funds of the parish contributed toward it, might obtain architectural beauty but never the spiritual beauty of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Rising like a sanctuary against the background of Parisian night clubs and cafes, Notre Dame seems to be the embodiment of idealism. With its lovely rose window between twin towers, its great carved arches, and its tall tower crowned with a cross, Notre Dame is a magnificent relic of Gothic glory. Almost as lovely as the Virgin herself, is this cathedral dedicated to Our Lady.

May Stevens, 8-1

The Stranger at Three Feathers Inn

Outside, the wind whistled and blew the hurried snow against the ice-patterned windows, but inside, the cheery red fire crackled and danced over the logs as old Frau Van Dyke nestled in a cozy chair by the hearth. Small Hans sat drowsily on her comfortable lap, while his older sister Hilda relaxed on a small divan. Their cousins, Jan and Gretchen, sat nearby and gazed devotedly at their grandmother. Suddenly Gretchen asked, "Grandmother, are we French, or are we Dutch?"

There was silence for a moment, then the old frau answered, "You are really French but, of course, as you were all born in Holland, you are Dutch, too."

But Gretchen was not fully satisfied and persisted further. "But Grandmother, why do we live in Holland if we are French? You used to live in France, didn't you?"

The words of Frau Van Dyke's answer seemed to be wrung from her, as she answered bitterly, "I — used — to — live — there. There's a long story of why you live here in Holland."

At the mention of a story, four year-old Hans sat up with a jerk, "'Tory, 'tory,'" he lisped.

"Yes, do tell us the story," begged Jan. "I'm sure we'd all like to hear it."

With a deep sigh, Frau Van Dyke leaned back and closed her weary eyes.

"A fierce storm was raging, many years ago, when the tall, dark stranger stepped across the threshold of the Three Feathers' Inn, the only lodging house in the little French town of Rennes. He asked the inn-keeper for lodging for the night, then with a slow, sorrowful look, he sat down at a nearby table. He glanced around him dully for the achromatic room was cheerless and uninteresting to the eye. The only bright patch of color in the room was something that held him spellbound. It was the bright, blonde head of a child of about seven or eight, who sat by the fireside. She was the most wretched looking child he had ever seen. Her thin grey dress was worn to shreds, and hardly protected her from the

biting cold. She wore no stockings or shoes and her small feet were red and blistered from the cold night air. She said nothing, just huddled closer to the fire and stared dumbly at it. But, in spite of all this, she was a beautiful child. So blonde and curly was her unruly hair that the stranger looked at her enchantingly. Impulsively he addressed the inn-keeper's wife, 'Could I please speak to that little girl?'

"The landlady answered him in an acrid tone, 'Oh, her!'

"'Yes, she.'

"'Wouldn't you rather talk to my daughters? They're over near the door.' This was said coaxingly and in a different tone of voice than before.

"The stranger's eyes followed hers until they fell upon two fat, overdressed girls by the door. He shook his head, and said quite decidedly, 'No, I'd rather speak to her.' Then in an undertone he muttered, 'There's something familiar in those blue eyes and that hair.'

"'What did you say, Monsieur?' the landlady inquired.

"'Oh — oh nothing, nothing at all. Could I speak to her?'

"'Well, if you must. But my daughters are so much cleaner and —.'

"'Please, madame.'

"With a curt nod, the landlady went over and talked to the little child, who got up, her eyes deep with fright. The stranger could see her shiver with fear, as the landlady commanded her to go to him. As she stood before him the stranger surveyed her and said, 'My child, what is your name?'

"'Jeanne.'

"'Jeanne what?'

"'Just Jeanne. I — I don't know my other name.'

"'Is she your mother?' indicating the landlady who was fixing her sharp, eagle eyes on them from afar.

"'No—no sir. I—I haven't any mother,' sadly.

"'Well, where is she?'

"'I don't remember very well. She died when I was two years old.'

"‘How old are you now?’

"‘I was ten in January.’

"‘Oh. So your mother died eight years ago?’ with interest.

"‘Yes.’

"‘What was she like? Did she look like you?’ eagerly.

"‘I don’t know, Monsieur. But I have a picture of her upstairs.’

"The stranger leaned forward, tense in every muscle, his breath coming hard and fast. He said quickly, ‘Would you show it to me? Please! It’s very important.’

"‘The child turned and walked slowly to the landlady, where she said hesitantly, ‘Could I show the fine Monsieur the picture of my mother? He asked to see it.’

"‘The landlady looked at her disgustedly and turned to the stranger, ‘Ah Monsieur, could you not wait until tomorrow? It grows late and —.’

"‘But, it is very important.’

"‘Tomorrow, Monsieur.’

"‘That ended the interview and the stranger went to bed, strangely excited.

"‘The next morning, as he came down stairs, he distinctly heard the landlady admonishing Jeanne, warning the child not to show him the picture unless she was there. With quick, long strides, he was beside them.

"‘I could not help overhearing your conversation. You’re here now. Let her show it to me now.’

"‘The landlady nodded her head and Jeanne ran to the bed. From under the pillow she pulled a large picture. The stranger gasped when he saw it. It framed a smiling, young face, surprisingly like Jeanne’s, with a head of curly blonde hair, deep blue eyes, and a sunny smile. At the bottom was an autograph which read ‘ Lovingly, Jeanne.’

"‘Why, that’s my wife.’ The stranger was taken aback with surprise. ‘How did you get this picture? And—and that makes Jeanne my lost daughter! But how did you get her? My wife disappeared just eight years ago. She was traveling across the country to meet me with our little daughter Jeanne. But — but she never came. I never

heard from her again. I’ve been wandering over Europe for eight years, but I have never found any clue as to where she had gone. How did you get Jeanne?’

"‘Monsieur, eight years ago, the dread yellow fever was going around. A woman was going around then, with a two-year old baby. She was very sick and finally died here. Before she died, she begged me to keep the baby and gave me an address. Also, she gave me a letter to send to the man at that address. But I was curious, so I opened the letter. It was to a man, presumably her father, requesting that enough money be sent to me every month to keep the baby. I kept the baby and sent the letter. I’ve been paid regularly now for eight years. But I don’t want her if she’s yours. She’s been enough trouble to keep this long.’

"‘My wife’s father said he’d never take her or any of her children into his house after she married me. That’s why he never came for the baby. But I must say you didn’t treat her very well. Look at the way she is dressed! And look at her arms and legs!’

"‘He pushed back Jeanne’s sleeve where he saw a small, thin arm, covered with bruises and sores. It was really very pitiful as the stranger cried, ‘Oh, Jeanne, my Jeanne! My little daughter!’ ”

"‘Did she live happily ever after, Grandmother?’ asked Hilda, when their grandmother had finished the interesting story.

"‘Oh, yes, children. She grew up and had a fine education, for her father was very rich. Then she married a Dutchman. Now she has four fine children.’

"‘Why, Grandmother, that is you!’ exclaimed Gretchen. “But why do we live in Holland?”

"‘My father hated France because my mother died there and because of the way I was treated there so he brought me to Holland where I later met your Grandfather. Before he died, he made me promise never to go back to France.’

Frau Van Dyke gazed into the fire reminiscently, as if she saw pictured there the first tragic eight years of her life.

Miriam Sherad, 8-1



FOOTBALL TEAM

Sports in Review

Football

By Bernard Ranieri, 9-7

TIE SCORE

The football season got underway when Point clashed with North at North's stadium on October 20, under a heavy rain storm. The game resulted in a 6 to 6 tie.

Bill Hutt of North plunged for the lone North score from the three yard line. North's attempt for the point failed. Point came back and on several line bucks, with Mike Barba carrying the ball, scored its touchdown. It was a tense moment as Point's line got set. Barba's attempt for the point was short by inches.

Point was gallantly cheered on by the cheerleaders and by the loyal Point rooters who braved the rain.

VICTORY

On October 28, Point played Central at Munroe Field and again Point's attack was led by Mike Barba. Point showed its great

strength as a football team for Central was unable to gain an inch through Point's forward wall and their passing attack failed completely. Mike Barba scored both of the touchdowns. He first crashed the line for the first touchdown and the second was scored by an intercepted pass. Point was successful in its attempts for the points and won by a score of 14 to 0.

DEFEAT

On Armistice Day, the important football battle for the Quincy Junior High School football championship was played at North's stadium, with Point and South fighting for the honor. The game resulted in a victory for South, the score being 12 to 6.

Point was, by no means, outplayed. It showed its usual strength and scored a touchdown in the first quarter. South came back after the half and, as a result of their willingness to fight, they scored a touchdown and later scored another on a well executed pass play. Point's brilliant attempt to tie the score failed.



CHAMPION SOCCER TEAM

Soccer

By John Carlino, 9-6

VICTORY

Point opened the soccer season on October 20, at Fore River Field, with a win of 2 to 1 over the North eleven. In the first quarter North outplayed the Pointers by scoring the first goal of the game and taking the lead, but the powerful Point eleven soon scored two goals to take and keep the lead from their opponents. As the score indicates, it was a fast and exciting game.

TIE SCORE

On October 26, Point and Central were the contestants at Merrymount Field in a vigorous and well played soccer tilt which resulted in a 1 to 1 deadlock. In spite of the score, the game was thrilling and exciting and was enjoyed by all. John Farquhar scored the lone Point goal.

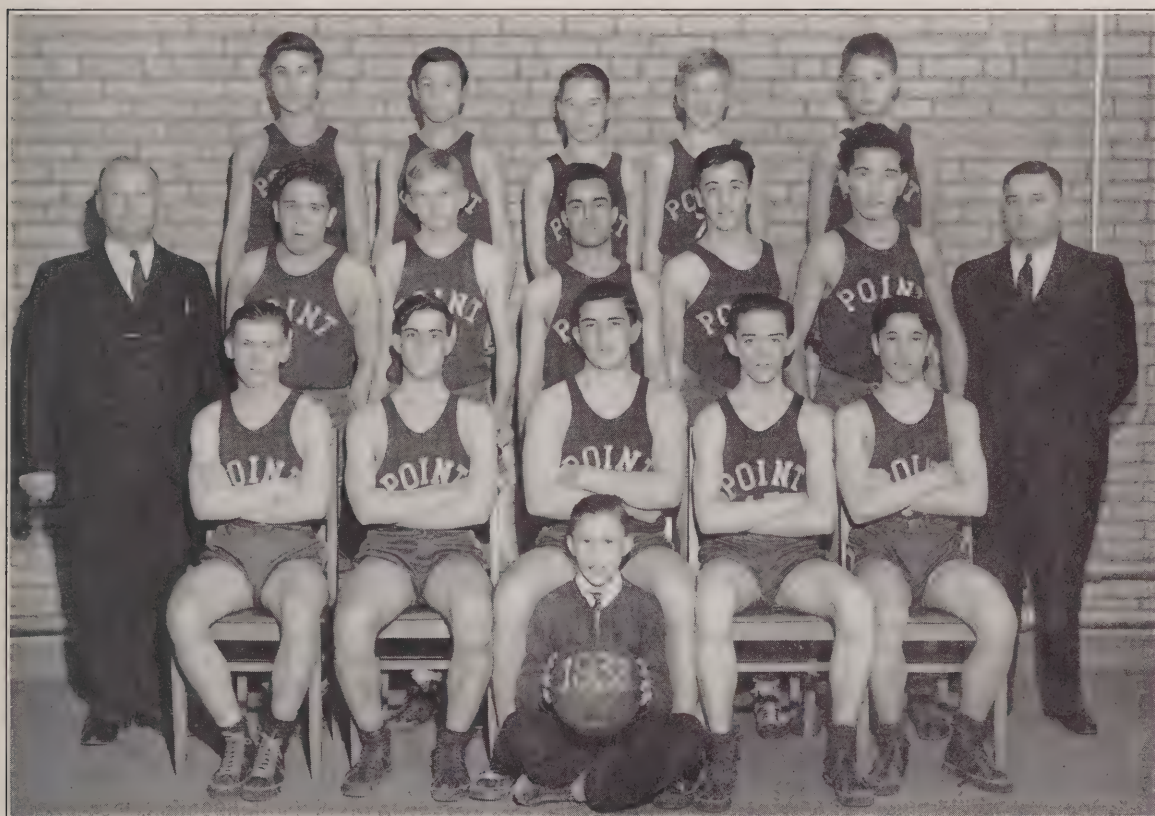
CHAMPIONSHIP

Point's soccer team concluded its season in a fast and thrilling game with South at Fore River Field, which resulted in a 2 to 1 score. The victory gave Point the Junior High School championship for the tenth consecutive year. This is indeed a record to be proud of, and we congratulate the soccer team for it. Credit is due our Coach Farrell for the splendid manner in which he guided the boys to another victorious soccer season.

BASEBALL

Point's baseball enthusiasts eagerly responded to the umpire's stormy cry of "Batter Up!" An alert and snappy team will take the field in quest of the Quiney Junior High School pennant. The following seem to be the most promising candidates: Leo Burke, George Kenney, Mike Barba, John Farquhar, James Ferguson, Francis Giglio, Ernest Caddy, Victor Salvati, Frank Gramazio, Victor DiRado and James Milne.

Bernard Ranieri, 9-7.



CHAMPION BASKETBALL TEAM

Boys' Basketball

By Bernard Ranieri, 9-7
John Glynn, 9-4

POINT vs. NORTH

Point opened its 1938 basketball season on Thursday, January 27, at the Point gymnasium. It downed the well trained North quintet by the wide margin of 29 to 9. The clever passing attack of the Pointers put them out in front and they courageously kept their lead. Mike Barba, Ernest Caddy, and Stanley Porter were outstanding for Point, each equally sharing the scoring honors. The participating players were as follows:

POINT		NORTH
S. Porter	R.F.	Hibbert
E. Caddy	L.F.	Gerry
M. Barba	C	Jones
F. Gramazio	R.G.	Cooke
F. Giglio	L.G.	Smith

POINT vs. CENTRAL

Thursday, February 3, Point chalked up its second basketball victory for the Green and White by defeating Central. The score was 30 to 9. Once more Point overpowered its defenseless opponents and the basketeers came through with flying colors. Mike Barba prominently stood out for Point.

POINT vs. SOUTH

The third game of the season, in a vigorous conflict at Point, the Green and White five turned back their aggressive pursuers, South, by the score of 14 to 8, and retained their lead in the Quincy Junior High School league. It was a fast and hard-fought battle. Stanley Porter of Point and Lanny Lombardi of South appeared most colorful.

POINT vs. NORTH

On Thursday, March 10, our Point quintet rang up its fourth successive victory by coming through a victor over North's team by a score of 30 to 13. Again our fast stepping five played spectacular ball overpowering all opposition. Hibband was the outstanding stepper for North, and again Mike Barba came through with flying colors for Point.

POINT vs. CENTRAL

On Thursday, March 17, Point easily defeated weak Central by rolling up a score of 31 to 7. The two teams fiercely battled throughout the game. Mike Barba, Ernest Caddy, and Stanley Porter of Point figured prominently in the decision.

POINT WINS CHAMPIONSHIP

Again, on Thursday, March 24, Point's winning streak was unbroken when it turned back the South basketballers in a fast and thrilling game to cap the inter-city crown by the close score of 10 to 5. The Point quintet was crowned champions of the city, being undefeated.

Once more we give due credit to Mentor Bowyer for producing another championship team. We can well be proud of this season's basketball team. Fast playing and enthusiasm combined to make the season so successful.

ALUMNI GAME

Point's "big green quintet" drew the finale curtain on its '38 basketball season, but before the curtain fell, it managed to betray old customs by whipping its alumni 19 to 18. The game, as the score indicates, was a fitting finale for an undefeated season. Highlights for the alumni were John Scott and Edward Pettinelli.

Charles Mullaney, 9-7

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

The '38 intramural basketball league at Point was well organized and spiritedly backed by basketball enthusiasts. The neotars of the league were as follows: ninth grade, 9-7; eighth grade, 8-5; seventh grade, 7-4.

Bernard Ranieri, 9-7

John Glynn, 9-4

Girls' Basketball**POINT vs. ALUMNAE**

Point girls met the alumnae in an informal but quick and exciting game of basketball at Point's gymnasium. Although the ninth grade girls, like true sports, played their hardest and held down their opponents to the best of their ability in the two games that were played; Point girls were outplayed, the scores being 10 to 6 and 14 to 8. The alumnae showed splendid team work.

Virginia Fair, 9-7

GIRLS OUT FOR PRACTICE

Throughout the basketball season the girls of Point displayed their keen athletic interest by playing basketball with Central girls in a series of practice games at the Quincy High School gymnasium. Point was victorious at every game, the scores of the first two games being 36 to 18 and 14 to 6. Most candidates for the ninth grade team came out for practice and each showed much enthusiasm.

Virginia Fair, 9-7

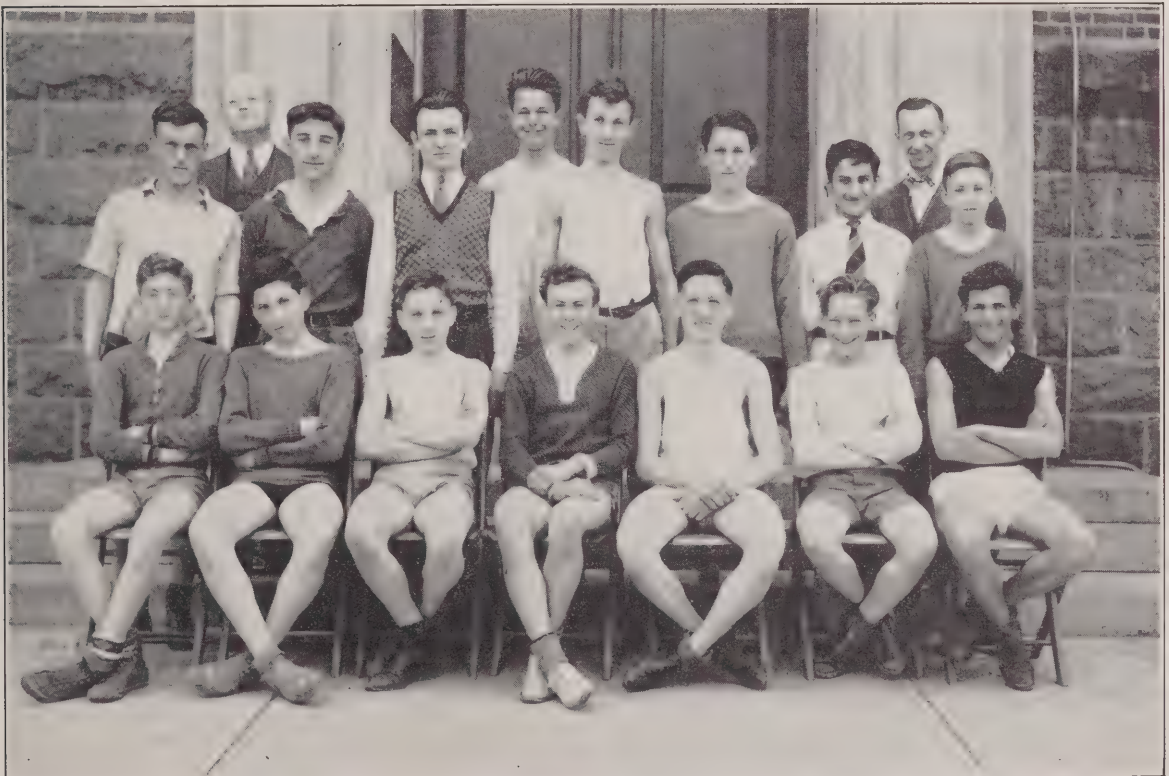
Track

For a number of weeks lightning has been flashing up and down our home field and the grounds of other schools in the form of Quincy Point track aspirants. The first meet will be with South Junior High on May eighteenth. The second will be a colorful event when the four Junior High Schools battle for supremacy. The outstanding track candidates are: Peter Kanavos, Patsy Notrangelo, Albert Monaco, Roy Peters, Harry Daigle, Robert Sandlovitz and Chester Catler.

Bernard Ranieri, 9-7



BASEBALL TEAM



TRACK TEAM

Class Will

Be it remembered that we, the 1938 Class of the Quincy Point Junior High School of Quincy, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

After acknowledging indebtedness to parents and teachers for all that has been done to educate us in payment for which we not only render sincere thanks, but hereby promise to let our future conduct show forth our gratitude, and to exemplify by our good work that all the time and money spent on us has not been in vain, we bequeath and devise as follows:

- Mr. Prario: A book that will provide him with suggestions for his two-minute talks which he gives on his frequent visits to the classrooms; also an accurate scales that will weigh the exact amount of energy to be put into the "extra ounce."
- Miss Cole: A fog horn to replace the dinner bell in case of emergencies when the bells are on strike.
- Miss Russell: A secret service force in each chorus so that disturbances can be easily detected.
- Mr. Poland: A jazzy record to play when he speaks so that his science classes will stay awake.
- Miss Weeden: An electrical man to count her rulers at the close of each day.
- Miss Mahoney: A secret room with a hidden entrance so that she and her "Pointer" staff may work without interruptions.
- Miss Leighton: A larger bulletin board so that there will be ample space for all the basketball articles which she gets from the newspaper.
- Mr. Evans: A set of H. Alger's books to read during his leisure time so he will develop a fondness for them.
- Miss Titecomb: A sound proof room so that her classes will not be distracted by those mysterious noises.
- Miss Manchester: An assistant to see that all the traffic officers are on duty.
- Miss Haley: A set of curtains so that the tests on the blackboards will be completely covered.
- Mr. Walsh: Classes as willing as 9-7 and 9-8 to listen to his ideas on home life, government, politics, and foreign affairs.
- Miss Arnold: A class of A. N. Palmer's descendants.
- Mr. Terry: An interior decorator to decorate his room for all the holidays.
- Miss Steinbrenner: A group that receives no deficiencies so she may be happy during group conference.
- Miss Tower: A private detective to see that all books and magazines are returned to the proper places.
- Miss Moles: An extra room to keep all of her art materials.
- Mrs. Treco: An automatic light switcher.
- Miss Scriptor: Pupils who can dot their i's and cross their t's, loop their l's and curve their e's correctly.
- Miss Birge: An extra set of blackboards so that there will be ample space for all the material.
- Miss Bearman: An automatic reminder for spelling make-up.
- Mrs. Ford: Five new electric sewing machines to take the place of the ones that have been used for so many years.
- Mrs. Forsyth: A special key to the school so that if she comes earlier than the janitor (5 a.m.), she will be able to get in.
- Miss Walton: A miniature model of the library at Point to recall memories of pleasant days spent there.
- Mrs. Berthold: Someone to tell her who's who and what's what because she is often getting names mixed up.
- Miss Foy: An automatic machine that can sort, count, and wrap the cafeteria money.
- Miss Allbright: A piano that can be used to accompany the girls who sing in the shower room.

Mr. Bowyer: A course in dancing this summer so that on his return in the fall he will be able to give his gym. classes a few pointers on dancing.

Mr. Farrell: Noiseless hammers and sound-proof steel so that his hearing will last a few more years.

Mr. Meaney: Five pairs of stilts for his coming basketball team, should the boys lack height.

Future Ninth Grade: A good example which will enable them in their turn to become model pupils, if they but pattern their conduct after ours; also records of accomplishment for them to equal — no fear they will ever excel them.

To Point: A sum of money (we do not care to make the amount public), sufficient to purchase a Point Junior High School auditorium.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hands and in the presence of eight witnesses declare this to be our last will, this second day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight.

The Class of June, 1938.

On this, the second day of May, A.D., 1938, the Class of June, 1938, of Quincy, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence, declaring it to be their last will and thereafter as witnesses thereof we eight, at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, hereto subscribe our names.

Snow White
Dopey
Grumpy
Doc

Happy
Sneezy
Sleepy
Bashful



DIVISION 7 - 2
DIVISION 9 - 3

STORY AND PICTURE CLUB
DIVISION 7 - 4



NINTH GR

Class

Alban, Peter, 9-1, "Paul"

Puzzle Club, Treasurer of Club, Vice-President of 9-1.

"A short saying often contains much wisdom."

Aldopoulus, Helen, 9-5, "Pip"

Story and Picture Club, Secretary of Club.

"Happy am I; from care I'm free."

Alexander, Eunice, 9-5, "Pat"

Stagecraft Club, Executive Committee.

"The artist is the simplifier."

Alfieri, Angelo, 9-7

Reporters' Club, Assistant Managing Editor of the "Beacon."

"I would rather laugh than work."

Alibertini, Lillian, 9-7, "Lily"

Journalism Club, Student Council, "Monthly Howl" Staff, Basketball.

"A rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun."

Ameen, Michael, 9-6, "Mickey"

Reporters' Club, President of 9-6, Class Basketball, Football, Track.

"As merry as the day is long."

Angelini, Isabel, 9-2, "Izzy"

Novelty Club, Library Staff, Basketball.

"Grace will last, beauty will blast."

Angellelis, Michael, 9-6, "Angy"

Illustration Club, Vice-President of 9-6, Class Basketball.

"Little in size but great in mischief."

Arsenault, Laverna, 9-2

Junior Girls' Club, Vice-President of Club, Treasurer of 9-2, Basketball.

"A faithful friend is the medicine of life."

Arsenault, Marjorie, 9-8, "Marge"

String Ensemble, Glee Club, Library Staff, Operetta, Basketball, Bowling.

"Gentle-mannered, kind, and true."

Attardo, Anna, 9-5, "Annie"

Puzzle Club.

"Why should I not look happy?"

Avery, Walter, 9-8, "Speed," "Sonny"

Hi-Y Club, President of 9-8, Basketball, Soccer, Baseball

"I must get a manly voice."

Barry, Kathleen, 9-4, "Kay"

Illustration Club, Secretary of Club, Executive Committee, Secretary of 9-4, Traffic.

"There are but few who know the hidden treasures in thee."

Bartholemew, Rachel, 9-2, "Rae"

Junior Girls' Club, President of Club, Glee Club, Operetta, Basketball.

"Perseverance brings success."



GRADE CLASS

Census

Baxter, Grant, 9-7, "Grandpa"

Science Club, Orchestra, Band.
"I am a man of few words."

Best, Vincent, 9-6, "Vinny"

Handicraft Club, Class Basketball, Operetta.
"I am sure care is an enemy to life."

Blaisdell, Dawn, 9-4, "Donny"

Painted Iron Novelty Club, Secretary of Club, Operetta.
"A face with gladness overspread."

Blanchette, Adolphe, 9-6, "Babe"

Science Club, Class Basketball, Football.
"He strove, but not for fame."

Bonani, Rose, 9-2

Cloth Toy and Animal Club, Secretary of Club, Operetta.
"So, therefore, I am merry."

Brandes, Annie, 9-2, "Ankie"

Scrapbook Club, Glee Club, Basketball, Operetta.
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low."

Breen, Robert, 9-1, "Bob"

Illustration Club.
"Oh, for a life on the salty sea."

Buccilli, Hilda, 9-3

Girls' Novelty Club, Traffic, Basketball.
"Success is by action, not by wishing."

Buccilli, Mary, 9-4, "May"

Good Writers' Club, Engrossing Club, Traffic, Basketball.
"A friend — fine to know."

Burke, Leo, 9-6, "Buddy"

Hi-Y Club, Class Basketball, Football.
"His strength is to sit still."

Burnham, Marie, 9-4, "Tony"

Stagecraft Club, Treasurer of 9-4, Glee Club, Operetta, Basketball.
"There's so much wit and mirth about thee, there's no living with thee or without thee."

Caddy, Ernest, 9-6, "Caddy"

Art Club, School Basketball, Football, Baseball, Ping Pong.
"To love the game beyond the prize."

Cain, Paul, 9-8, "Buck"

Choral Speaking Club, Executive Committee, Baseball.
"A moonlight traveler in Fancy's land."

Calabro, Antoinette, 9-7, "Tony"

Journalism Club, Orchestra, Glee Club, Operetta, Cafeteria, Bowling.
"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

Campbell, William, 9-8, "Bill"

Science Club, Soccer, Traffic.
"A very dramatic lad is he."

Caporale, Mary, 9-2, "May"

Cloth Toy and Animal Club, Glee Club, Operetta.
"A deep thing is a mystery."

Carlino, David, 9-6, "Davy"

Science Club, Glee Club, Operetta, Basketball, Baseball, Soccer.
"I do not care one straw."

Carlino, John, 9-6, "Johnnie"

Journalism Club, Sports Editor of "Pointer," Student Council, Glee Club, Operetta, Traffic, Soccer, Track.

"I have often regretted my speech, never my silence."

Cavalieri, Lena, 9-3, "Lee"

Journalism Club, Treasurer of Club, Ninth Grade President, President of 9-3, Executive Committee, President of Library Staff, Assistant Editor of "Monthly Howl."

"Her popularity needs no introduction."

Cocio, Bernardo, 9-6, "Danny"

Hi-Y Club, President of Club, School Basketball, Football, Baseball, Ping Pong.

"Sir, I would rather be right than be President."

Colella, Voila, 9-4, "Vie"

Girls' Novelty Club, Library Staff, Basketball, Soccer.

"Serene and calm and self-possessed."

Conroy, Margaret, 9-2, "Scottie"

Journalism Club, Secretary of Club, Editor-in-Chief of "Pointer," Typist for "Pointer," News Editor of "Pointer," Student Council, Cafeteria, Library Staff, Basketball.

"She is of the best."

Cormier, Jane, 9-3, "Jean"

Novelty Club.

"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

Creed, Catherine, 9-5, "Baba"

Puzzle Club, Secretary of Club, Basketball.

"Be good fair maiden, and let who can be clever."

Cushera, Michelina, 9-5, "Mickey"

Cloth Toy and Animal Club, President of Club.
"I live in crowds of jollity."

Cutler, Lael, 9-7

Reporters' Club, Executive Committee, "Beacon" Staff.

"Great things come in small packages."

Daigle, Harry, 9-1, "Curley"

Illustration Club, Secretary of 9-1, Art Staff, Traffic, Cheer Leader, Glee Club, Operetta, Track.

"Those move easiest who have learned to dance."

Dauphinee, Lucille, 9-3, "Lou"

Choral Speaking Club, Traffic Chief.

"Meet this merry lady, do!"

DeChristopher, Theodore, 9-6, "Teddy"

Stagecraft Club, Executive Committee, Traffic, Class Basketball, Operetta.

"He is a friend to any man."

Del Gizzi, Virginia, 9-2, "Gin"

String Ensemble, Orchestra, Operetta.

"Who hears music feels his solitude."

Della Barba, Michael, 9-6,

"Mike", "Mallet"

Art Club, School Basketball, Football, Baseball, Ping Pong.

"An athlete, a powerful man."

DeMeo, Eleanor, 9-3

Journalism Club, Joke Editor of "Pointer," Student Council, Glee Club, Operetta, Cheer Leader.

"A lady both lovely and bright."

Dennantiss, Alfred, 9-2, "1-2"

Puzzle Club, Vice-President of Club, School Basketball, Baseball.

"Let the world slide! Let the world go!"

DeStefanis, Concetta, 9-5, "Connie"

Cloth Toy and Animal Club, Executive Committee.

"Silence often persuades when speaking fails."

DiGravio, Angelo, 9-6, "Red"

Handicraft Club, Class Basketball, Football.

"A happy disposition is a gift of nature."

DiTocco, Lillian, 9-2, "Lillie"

Novelty Club, Basketball.

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

DiTocco, Nancy, 9-5, "Nan"

Journalism Club, Secretary of 9-5, Basketball.

"Every artist was first an amateur."

DiTullio, Guido, 9-6, "Shorty"

Stagecraft Club, Class Basketball.

"He may be small but — oh my!"

DiTullio, Mabel, 9-4, "Maybella"

Girls' Novelty Club, Library Staff, Basketball, Soccer.

"A sunny smile wins lasting friends everywhere."

DiRado, Albert, 9-1, "Al" "Flash"

Illustration Club, President of Club, President of 9-1, Executive Committee, Art Staff, School Baseball, Football.

"Nothing can come out of the artist that is not in the man."

DiRado, Victor, 9-6, "Vic"

Hi-Y Club, Basketball, Football, Baseball, Wrestling.

"Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, and so do I."

D'Olympio, Philip, 9-6, "Fat Dolimp"
 Handicraft Club, President of Club, Traffic.
 "Grieving's a folly; come, let's all be jolly."

Donovan, Robert, 9-8, "Bob"
 Science Club, Baseball.
 "A true gentleman of leisure."

Dorley, Beverly, 9-8, "Bev"
 Choral Speaking Club, Secretary of 9-8, Secretary of Club, Library Staff, Traffic.
 "If you are not in fashion, you are nobody."

Doyle, Rita, 9-2, "Gin"
 Choral Speaking Club.
 "I hate scarce smiles, I love laughing."

Driscoll, Eleanor, 9-8, "Peg Leg"
 Girls' Novelty Club, Orchestra.
 "Yes, William is my brother."

Driscoll, William, 9-8, "Bill"
 Science Club, Orchestra, Baseball.
 "A musician of note is he."

Edson, Constance, 9-2, "Connie"
 Girls' Novelty Club.
 "I must tell you something about myself."

Elder, Pauline, 9-8, "Polly"
 Journalism Club, Glee Club, Operetta, Traffic,
 "Monthly Howl" Staff, Basketball.
 "I'll never stop until I'm an actress."

Fair, Virginia, 9-7, "Binky"
 Journalism Club, Sports Editor of "Pointer,"
 Glee Club, Library Staff, "Monthly Howl" Staff,
 Basketball.
 "She's as merry as the day is long."

Farquhar, John, 9-2, "Jack"
 Reporters' Club, Vice-President of 9-2, Executive
 Committee, Soccer.
 "Here's a tall young man with curly hair
 and voice so deep."

Farrell, Walter, 9-6, "Sailor"
 Journalism Club.
 "I never knew so young a body with so old
 a head."

Ferguson, James, 9-3, "Jimmie"
 Reporters' Club, Soccer, Basketball.
 "Nobody knows how much I want to grow."

Field, Alice, 9-4, "Eliza"
 Journalism Club, Student Council, Operetta,
 Traffic, Basketball.
 "She does little kindnesses which most
 would leave undone."

Forsberg, Alice, 9-5
 Choral Speaking Club, Library Staff.
 "In silence there is safety."

Francis, Jesse, 9-8, "Jess"
 Stamp Club, Soccer.
 "Young fellows will be young fellows."

Fyffe, William, 9-8, "Bill"
 Choral Speaking Club, Glee Club, Operetta,
 Soccer.
 "Latin? — Stay away from my door."

Gangi, Filippina, 9-7, "Flip"
 Choral Speaking Club, Operetta, Basketball.
 "First comes music, then comes Latin."

Gardener, Shirley, 9-7
 Reporters' Club, Basketball.
 "Many smalls make a great."

Giglio, Francis, 9-1, "Franny"
 Science Club, School Basketball, School Football,
 Glee Club, Student Council, Operetta, Ping
 Pong.
 "A companion that is cheerful is worth
 gold."

Giglio, Marie, 9-2, "Boots"
 Journalism Club, Basketball.
 "Thy modesty's the candle of thy merit."

Gilmartin, James, 9-3, "Gilly"
 Painted Iron Novelty Club, Executive Committee,
 Class Basketball.
 "His blessing is happiness."

Glynn, John, 9-4, "Jack"
 Journalism Club, Sports Editor of "Pointer,"
 School Basketball, Class Basketball, Glee Club.
 "Fond of dances, fun, and praise; so very
 modern in his ways."

Goodhue, Irene, 9-2, "Goodie"
 Girls' Novelty Club, Secretary of Club, Library
 Staff, Traffic, Cafeteria, Basketball.
 "I chatter, chatter, as I go."

Gould, Lillian, 9-2, "G"
 Stagecraft Club, Executive Committee, Basketball.
 "We all grow old, but who grows wise?"

Gramazio, Frank, 9-4, "Hooker"
 Science Club, School Basketball, Football.
 "His heart is true as steel."

Grant, Dorothy, 9-5, "Dot"
 Athletic Club, Basketball, Ping Pong, Volley
 Ball.
 "Joy shared is joy doubled."

Grazioso, Thomas, 9-3, "Tommy"
 Hi-Y Club, Class Basketball.
 "Education makes the man."

Greene, Clifford, 9-6, "Cliffy"
 Science Club, Class Basketball.
 "'Twere folly to be wise."

Greenwood, Winifred, 9-4, "Winnie"
 Stagecraft Club, Traffic, Basketball, Soccer.
 "'Tis alas, her modest bashful nature that
 makes her silent."

- Hajjar, Joseph, 9-1, "Joe"
Hi-Y Club, Class Basketball.
"If to do were as easy as to know what
were good to do."
- Hajjar, Josephine, 9-2, "Jo", "Dodo"
Athletic Club, Library Staff.
"The library fits my needs."
- Hajjar, Mabel, 9-7
Journalism Club, Glee Club, President of Student Council, Library Staff, Assistant Editor-in-Chief of "Pointer," Joke Editor of "Pointer," Treasurer of "Monthly Howl," Basketball, Ping Pong.
"Wisdom is a wonderful thing."
- Hamill, Helen, 9-8
Choral Speaking Club, Bowling.
"I shall always be silent of nature."
- Hanratty, Paul, 9-4, "Hank"
Painted Iron Novelty Club, Class Basketball.
"A man of personality to carry things
before him."
- Hartrey, Daniel, 9-7, "Bud", "Danny"
Stagecraft Club, President of Club, Executive Committee, "Monthly Howl" Staff, Basketball.
"Ah sleep, where art thou?"
- Hillier, Charles, 9-1, "Charlie"
Journalism Club, Band, Orchestra, Soccer.
"I would a great, great drummer be."
- Hindmarsh, Phyllis, 9-5, "Phil"
Illustration Club, President of 9-5.
"True art is a reverend imitation of God."
- Hodgkins, George, 9-7
Science Club, Orchestra, Band, Operetta, Basketball.
"Though he comes here, it's sure his mind
is elsewhere."
- Holland, John, 9-4
Painted Iron Novelty Club, Vice-President of 9-4, Executive Committee, Traffic.
"There's no policy like politeness."
- Hope, Virginia, 9-3, "Ginny", "Hopey"
Choral Speaking Club, Basketball.
"Where there is life there is hope."
- Hurley, Robert, 9-8, "Bob"
Science Club, Football.
"His smile is a ray of sunshine."
- Jancaterino, George, 9-6, "Jank"
Illustration Club, Art Staff, School Basketball, Football, Baseball.
"Still waters run deep."
- Johnson, Nelson, 9-1, "Shrimp"
Painted Iron Novelty Club, Executive Committee.
"Men are not to be measured by inches."
- Johnson, Robert, 9-4, "Bob"
Nature Club, Basketball.
"Silence shall be your strength."
- Kahler, Henry, 9-2
Painted Iron Novelty Club.
"He is a good man and a just man."
- Kahil, George, 9-1, "Kail"
Hi-Y Club, Basketball, Baseball.
"I hear, say not much, but think the more."
- Kahil, Louis, 9-1, "Louie"
Hi-Y Club.
"I'll get me some stilts."
- Kanovas, Lania, 9-7, "Joe Penner"
Choral Speaking Club, Glee Club, Operetta.
"Art holds fast when all else is lost."
- Kaumaris, Marie, 9-3
Good Writers' Club, Secretary of Club, Executive Committee, Glee Club, Operetta, Basketball.
"She is very nice to look at, and even nicer
to know."
- Kay, Margaret, 9-7, "Peggy"
Journalism Club, Secretary of Ninth Grade, Student Council, News Editor of "Pointer," Cafeteria, "Monthly Howl" Staff, Basketball.
"Her hair, her smile, her motions tell of
womanly comeliness."
- Kenney, George, 9-1, "Eddy"
Science Club, Glee Club, Operetta, Soccer, Baseball.
"He that questioneth much learneth much."
- Kertzman, Shirley, 9-3, "Eddie", "Kertzzy"
Stagecraft Club, Traffic, Basketball.
"Faster going down, please."
- King, Jessie, 9-4
Cloth Toy and Animal Club.
"She that is slow to anger is greater than
the mighty."
- King, Martin, 9-6
"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted
ocean."
- Kintigh, Ruth, 9-5, "Rudy"
Choral Speaking Club, Operetta, Basketball.
"I laugh not an another's loss, I grudge not
another's gain."
- Kittridge, Raymond, 9-1, "Ray"
Stamp Club, Traffic.
"And why should life all labor be?"
- Koury, Sophia, 9-8, "Sophie"
Journalism Club, Library Staff, Editor of "Monthly Howl."
"A garrulous maiden is she."
- Lancy, Norman, 9-1, "Red"
Reporters' Club, Traffic, Football, Baseball.
"As thou sowest, so shalt thou reap."

- Larsen, Dorothy, 9-4, "Dottie"
Stagecraft Club, Glee Club, Operetta, Traffic.
"She is not noisy, loud, or gay; but enjoys life in a quiet way."
- Lemieux, Adrian, 9-6, "Oscar", "Lumox"
Stamp Club, Soccer.
"Oh, would that working I might shun."
- Levine, Abraham, 9-4, "Abie"
Good Writers' Club, Vice-President of Club, Basketball, Football.
"Eternally keeping at it brings success."
- Lipschultz, Warren, 9-3, "Lippy"
Hi-Y Club, Soccer.
"Grow, grow, little tree."
- Louirio, Lucy, 9-5, "Lulu"
Cloth Toy and Animal Club, Treasurer of Club.
"Be patient toward all men."
- Lucci, Louisa, 9-2, "Leza"
Scrapbook Club, Traffic.
"Small service is true service while it lasts."
- MacDonald, Henry, 9-1, "Red"
Art Club.
"And he, he knows a thousand things."
- Macedo, Mary, 9-5, "Midgy"
Good Writers' Club, Treasurer of 9-5, Basketball.
"A little person big at heart."
- Marr, Francis, 9-7, "Marsie"
Science Club, Vice-President of 9-7, Operetta, Basketball.
"A happy rogue with a winning smile."
- Mastrianni, Speranza, 9-4, "Spunzy"
Good Writers' Club, Engrossing Club, President of 9-4, Traffic, Operetta, Captain of Class Basketball.
"She does it herself and doesn't leave it to others."
- McCallum, Edward, 9-8, "Little Mac"
Choral Speaking Club, Student Council, Treasurer of 9-8.
"Business before pleasure."
- McClure, Arlene, 9-8, "Arlie"
Stagecraft Club, Vice-President of Club, Glee Club, Operetta, Library Staff, Traffic.
"Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"
- McClusky, Margaret, 9-2, "Peggy"
Scrapbook Club, Glee Club, Operetta.
"Silence is a fine jewel for a woman."
- McDermott, Dorothea, 9-8, "Dot"
Cloth Toy and Animal Club, Traffic.
"Silence and modesty — the signs of a genius."
- McGowan, Alice, 9-3, "Allie"
Choral Speaking Club, Secretary of 9-3, Traffic.
"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple."
- McGrath, Amariet, 9-2, "A"
Cloth Toy and Animal Club.
"Grace blooms within her very soul."
- McKeon, Donald, 9-2, "Mickey", "Mac"
Art Club, Class Basketball.
"Don't view me with a critic's eye, but pass my imperfections by."
- McKeon, Mildred, 9-2, "Millie", "Bunny"
Girls' Novelty Club, Traffic.
"She is of free and open nature."
- McKim, Alexander, 9-6, "Scotty"
Science Club, Class Basketball, Football.
"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."
- McKim, William, 9-6, "Bill"
Stamp Club, Class Basketball, Soccer.
"My soul delight is sitting still."
- Milne, James, 9-2, "Jimmy"
Science Club, President of 9-2.
"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."
- Mingerelli, Louis, 9-6, "Louis the Great"
Hi-Y Club, Football, Wrestling.
"All things come round to him who will but wait."
- Moro, Mary, 9-3, "May"
Choral Speaking Club, Basketball.
"I have tried so hard to do right."
- Mosccone, Dante, 9-3, "Danny"
Hi-Y Club, Class Basketball.
"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the greatest of men."
- Moss, Richard, 9-6, "Dick"
Handicraft Club, Treasurer of 9-6, Executive Committee, Football, Wrestling, Baseball.
"Wise men say nothing in dangerous times."
- Mula, Dominica, 9-4, "Minnie"
Girls' Novelty Club, Cafeteria, Basketball.
"Ever pleasant, ever kind."
- Mullaney, Charles, 9-7, "Freckles"
Choral Speaking Club, Student Council, School Basketball.
"This is the point of my argument."
- Neil, William, 9-8, "Bill"
Choral Speaking Club, President of Club, Glee Club, Operetta, Cafeteria, Track.
"He is appreciated by the fair sex."
- Nigrelli, Beatrice, 9-5, "Bee"
Good Writers' Club, Engrossing Club, Traffic.
"Her friendship to a few, and her good will to all."
- Nord, Barbara, 9-8
Choral Speaking Club, Vice-President of 9-8, Glee Club, Operetta, Traffic.
"Laughing eyes, a merry smile, and a merry, merry, heart."

- Notrangelo, Patsy, 9-4, "Pat"
Stamp Club, Captain of Class Basketball.
"A merry heart lives all the day."
- O'Brien, William, 9-3, "Bill", "Bie"
Nature Club.
"Hold everything; I'm coming."
- Oliverio, Mary, 9-4, "Olly"
Athletic Club, Student Council, Second Floor
Councilor, Library Staff, Traffic, Basketball,
Soccer, Cheer Leader.
"Blessed is she who has the gift of mak-
ing friends."
- Pahud, George, 9-7, "Padu", "T. A."
Science Club, Student Council, Orchestra, Band.
"Hitch your wagon to a star."
- Paige, Helen, 9-4
Journalism Club, Glee Club, Cafeteria, Basket-
ball.
"An unextinguished laughter shakes the
skies."
- Panarelli, Elizabeth, 9-4, "Lizzi"
Novelty Club, Library Staff.
"Blessed is she who professes little, for she
will have less to retract."
- Paolucci, Jean, 9-3, "Shrimp"
Journalism Club, Traffic, Basketball.
"Small and sweet the maiden is."
- Papia, Susie, 9-8, "Sue"
Choral Speaking Club, Vice-President of Club,
Glee Club, Operetta, Traffic.
"A pleasing maiden, thou."
- Pattavina, Vincent, 9-8
Journalism Club, Art Staff, Traffic, Baseball.
"I would I were an artist."
- Perciballi, Luigi, 9-2, "Christy"
Hi-Y Club.
"Why should the devil have all the good
times?"
- Perrow, Harold, 9-1, "Lefty"
Hi-Y Club, Football, Baseball.
"Work, get ye behind me; I hate you."
- Piazza, Marion, 9-5, "Mazie"
Girls' Novelty Club, Basketball.
"She sitteth in silence."
- Pinel, Leigh, 9-7, "Edgar"
Stamp Club, President of Club, Quincy High
School Band, Band, Orchestra.
"His ear for music has won him fame."
- Porter, Stanley, 9-1, "Dick"
Hi-Y Club, School Basketball, Football, Base-
ball.
"He's a jolly good fellow which nobody can
deny."
- Purpura, Marguerite, 9-3,
"Margie", "Peggy"
Novelty Club.
"It is well for one to know more than she
says."
- Quinn, Catherine, 9-3, "Kay"
Stagecraft Club, President of 9-3, Glee Club,
Operetta, Basketball.
"Stately and tall she moves in the hall."
- Ramsey, John, 9-1
Painted Iron Novelty Club.
"Silence never betrays you."
- Ranieri, Bernard, 9-7, "Chubby"
Journalism Club, President of Club, President
of the School, Editor-in-Chief of "Pointer,"
Sports Editor of "Pointer," President of 9-7,
Student Council, "Monthly Howl" Staff, Foot-
ball, Intramural Basketball.
"Your good disposition is more priceless
than gold."
- Roher, Chester, 9-8, "Chet"
Choral Speaking Club, Glee Club, Operetta.
"Pleasure before business."
- Romano, Nina, 9-3
Good Writers' Club.
"Wrapped in silence deep and still."
- Russell, Mildred, 9-7, "Kitten"
Nature Club, Athletic Club.
"Believe not all you hear."
- Russo, Augustina, 9-3, "Gussy"
Good Writers' Club, Traffic, Basketball.
"A merry lass with winning ways."
- Salvaggi, Anna, 9-3, "Ann"
Stamp Club, Glee Club, Operetta, Basketball.
"I smile for the world owes me nothing."
- Salvati, Nello, 9-8
Choral Speaking Club, Stamp Club, Treasurer
of Ninth Grade, Traffic, Class Basketball, Base-
ball.
"My ducats, oh, my ducats."
- Salvati, Victor, 9-2, "Chick"
Science Club, Class Basketball.
"To live long it is necessary to live slowly."
- Sandlovitz, Robert, 9-1
Puzzle Club, Track.
"The silent countenance often speaks."
- Sandonato, Dora, 9-4, "Sandy"
Girls' Novelty Club.
"Where there's a question there's an
answer."
- Schaller, Dorothy, 9-4, "Dot"
Puzzle Club.
"A girl who quietly winds her way and
does her duty day by day."
- Schultz, Elizabeth, 9-3, "Betty"
Stamp Club.
"A smiling face, a soft voice."

Shaw, Elaine, 9-3

Stagecraft Club, Secretary of Club, Vice-President of 9-3.

"The powers of personality are hers."

Silver, Benton, 9-7, "Benny"

Hi-Y Club.

"Latin? — Don't bother me!"

Sinclair, Dorothy, 9-3, "Gee Gee"

Journalism Club, Vice-President of the Ninth Grade, Executive Committee, Glee Club, Operetta, Cafeteria, Basketball, Cheer Leader.

"She has a type all her own."

Skaff, Emily, 9-3, "Em"

Girls' Novelty Club, Traffic.

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

Smith, David, 9-1, "Smitty"

Puzzle Club, President of Club, Glee Club, Operetta, High School Operetta.

"I'll never give up until I'm an actor."

Solomini Nofri, 9-1, "Lefty"

Hi-Y Club.

"A countenance as innocent as a new laid egg."

Spano, John, 9-1, "Angelo"

Puzzle Club, Wrestling.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Sperdelozzi, Josephine, 9-5, "Flash"

Story and Picture Club, Vice-President of 9-5, Basketball, Slug.

"I say just what I think, and nothing more or less."

Stevenson, James, 9-1, "Jimmy"

Hi-Y Club, Vice-President of Club, Art Staff, Football.

"A merry heart that laughs at care."

Stoler, Norma, 9-7

Stagecraft Club, Library Staff.

"Intelligence is not her only virtue."

Sullivan, Gertrude, 9-4, "Sully"

Puzzle Club, Glee Club, Traffic, Basketball.

"Truth is within ourselves."

Sullivan, Mary, 9-2

Choral Speaking Club, Traffic.

"A silent tongue and a working mind."

Tarr, William, 9-7, "Billy"

Reporters' Club, Class Basketball, Soccer.

"Better late than never."

Tirone, Paul, 9-6, "Shoemaker", "Pat"

Engrossing Club, Class Basketball.

"Laugh and be fat, sir."

Tocchio, Gina, 9-2, "Peanuts"

Scrapbook Club, Operetta, Captain of Class Basketball.

"She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh."

Tocchio, Melina, 9-3, "Bobby", "Mickey"

Girls' Novelty Club.

"Patient and still and full of good will."

Tocchio, Ugo, 9-6, "Uncle"

Hi-Y Club, Class Basketball, Football, Baseball.

"He is wise who talks but little."

Tocci, Dora, 9-5

Story and Picture Club, Operetta.

"Silence is more musical than any song."

Todd, Mary, 9-4, "Toddie"

Junior Girls' Club, President and Treasurer of Club, Cafeteria.

"She was fair and never proud, had tongue at will, yet was never loud."

Trubiano, Francis, 9-1, "Truby"

Engrossing Club, Treasurer of 9-1, Basketball, Football, Baseball.

"He hath much wit and is not shy in using it."

Veno, Elizabeth, 9-5, "Betty"

Choral Speaking Club, Traffic.

"Well timed silence hath more eloquence than speech."

Wallace, Charles, 9-4, "Wally"

Stamp Club, Orchestra, Soccer.

"He is small, witty, and wise."

Wellington, Margaret, 9-3, "Margie"

Journalism Club, Assistant Editor-in-Chief of "Pointer," Library Staff, Basketball.

"The hand that can follow intellect achieves."

Whalen, John, 9-1, "Weenie"

Hi-Y Club.

"What's a newspaper without a comic page?"

Wheble, Mary, 9-8

Choral Speaking Club, Student Council, Secretary of Student Council, Glee Club, Operetta.

"The very pink of perfection."

White, Louis, 9-1, "Whitey"

Wrestling Club.

"Shall I tell you the secret of the true scholar?"

Whiting, Hope, 9-7

Journalism Club, Vice-President of Club, Secretary and Treasurer of 9-7, Student Council, Art Staff, Orchestra. "Monthly Howl" Staff.

"A short hand maketh fine work."

Woodford, Mary, 9-8

Choral Speaking Club, Library Staff, Basketball.

"Judge not a book by its cover."

Young, Bernadette, 9-8

Stagecraft Club, Library Staff, Traffic.

"Aim high and hit the mark."

Who's Who - Class of 1938

Most Popular		Class Grind	
Lena Cavalieri	Bernard Ranieri	Mabel Hajjar	Walter Farrell
Most Popular with the Girls		Class Person of Leisure	
Lena Cavalieri	William Neil	Mary Moro	Martin King
Most Popular with the Boys		Class Heart Throb	
Mary Oliverio	Michael Della Barba	Dorothy Sinclair	John Farquhar
Most Serious		Class Brute	
Marie Giglio	John Holland	Unknown	Michael Della Barba
Most Carefree		Class Baby	
Unknown	Luigi Perciballi	Mary Macedo	Warren Lipschultz
Most Versatile		Class Talkie	
Hope Whiting	George Pahud	Irene Goodhue	Donald McKeon
Most Intellectual		Class Pest	
Norma Stoler	Nello Salvati	Mildred Russell	Luigi Perciballi
Most Talented		Class Girl Hater	
Hope Whiting	Leigh Pinel		Patsy Notrangelo
Most Ambitious		Class Boy Hater	
Mabel Hajjar	George Pahud	Nancy DiTocco	
Most Dependable		Class Flirt	
Margaret Conroy	Bernard Ranieri	Alice Field	James Milne
Most Interesting		Class Comedian	
Marie Burnham	George Pahud	Virginia Hope	Louis Mingerelli
Most Agreeable		Class Bookworm	
Lena Cavalieri	Edward McCallum	Sophie Koury	Charles Mullaney
Most Refined		Class Orator	
Mary Todd	James Milne	Lena Cavalieri	Bernard Ranieri
Most Bashful		Class Poet	
Lillian DiTocco	James Gilmartin	Lillian Alibertini	Walter Farrell
Most Humorous		Class Athlete	
Rose Bonani	Frank Gramazio	Mary Oliverio	Michael Della Barba
Most Courteous		Class Songster	
Barbara Nord	Frank Gramazio	Marie Burnham	William Neil
Most Cheerful		Class Musician	
Margaret Kay	Chester Rohr	Shirley Easton	Leigh Pinel
Best Dressed		Class Actors	
Lael Cutler	Paul Hanratty	Pauline Elder	George Pahud
Best Looking		Lillian Alibertini	Daniel Hartrey
Dorothy Sinclair	John Farquhar	Class Artists	
Best All Round Sport		Hope Whiting	Michael Della Barba
Mary Oliverio	Michael Della Barba	Phyllis Hindmarsh	Albert DiRado
		Eunice Alexander	Victor Salvati



THE LIBRARY STAFF

A Certain Inquisitive Ninth Grader Wonders:

What would happen if Leigh Pinel lost his curls?

Why George Pahud always talks about Georgia?

Why Lillian DiTocco blushes so?

Why Marie Giglio does not talk out loud while reciting?

What would happen if Kathleen Barry forgot about her hair?

Why Rita Doyle does not stand on both feet?

Why Albert DiRado doesn't increase the sobriety of his clothes?

Why Luigi Perciballi doesn't cease wise-cracking?

What will happen when Lena Cavalieri leaves the library staff?

What would happen if William O'Brien attended school regularly?

If Mike Barba will ever lose his interest in athletics?

From where Walter Farrell's poetic ability originated?

If George Pahud has come to a final decision concerning his career?

If Sophia Koury was born debating?

Why the Student Council is so active this year?

If Harry Daigle is aware of the fact that we know he is an acrobat?

What would happen if Irene Goodhue ceased to be an outstanding conversationalist?

If George Kenney will ever change his logic in regard to sleep?

If Paul Hanratty realizes that he is absent-minded?

If John Glynn knows that he is the lightest complexioned boy in the school?

If Nancy DiTocco's dreams of success as an opera singer will ever come true?

If Mary Macedo will always remain petite?

How Bernard Ranieri and Lena Cavalieri are so successfully fulfilling the duties of the five offices which each holds?

What attracts Donald McKeon to a farming career?

If 9-7 is conscious of the fact that it has the largest number of pupils possessing musical talent?

Why 9-3 happens to have the two smallest boys in the ninth grade?

The Perfect Student

If you are dissatisfied with yourself as you are, take some of the following
and in life you'll go far.

Marie Kaumaris's friendliness.
Jean Paolucci's good looks.
Dante Moscone's good nature.
Hope Whiting's intellect.
Bernard Ranieri's leadership.
Margaret Kay's pep.
Kathleen Barry's aristocracy.
Norma Stoler's reliability.
Speranza Mastrianni's initiative.
Barbara Nord's singing ability.
Beverly Dorley's good taste for clothes.
Robert Donovan's wit.
Edward McCallum's honesty.
James Milne's nimbleness.
John Farquhar's seriousness.
Lena Cavalieri's personality.
Virginia Hope's dramatic ability.
Sophia Koury's frankness.
John Holland's courtesy.
Leigh Pinel's musical ability.

Mary Todd's neatness.
Alice Field's co-operation.
Margaret Conroy's good sportsmanship.
Rose Bonani's cheerfulness.
Dorothy Sinclair's popularity.
Marie Giglio's modesty.
Charles Mullaney's tactfulness.
Margaret Wellington's common sense.
William Fyffe's optimism.
Nancy DiTocco's punctuality.
Vincent Pattavina's ambition.
Mike Barba's skill.
Mabel Hajjar's efficiency.
Antoinette Calabro's enthusiasm.
Warren Lipschultz's obedience.
Augustina Russo's attentiveness.
Betty Schultz's orderliness.
George Hodgkin's courageousness.
Virginia DelGizzi's thriftiness.
Eleanor DeMeo's poise.
Francis Giglio's loyalty.

Honor Roll

Grade Nine

High Honors

Kathleen Barry	Bernard Ranieri
Lael Cutler**	Dorothy Sinclair*
Mabel Hajjar**	Norma Stoler**
Phyllis Hindmarsh	Hope Whiting**
Margaret Kay	Bernadette Young

Honors

Eunice Alexander	Margaret Conroy*	George Hodgkins*	Vincent Pattavina
Lillian Alibertini**	Eleanor DeMeo	Nelson Johnson**	Catherine Quinn*
Laverna Arsenault**	Nancy DiTocco	Margaret Kay*	Bernard Ranieri*
Marjorie Arsenault*	Shirley Easton*	Sophia Koury**	Augustina Russo**
Walter Avery*	Virginia Fair**	Norman Lancy	Nello Salvati*
Kathleen Barry*	Walter Farrell*	Mary Macedo*	Victor Salvati
Rachel Bartholomew*	Jesse Francis	Dorothea McDermott	Elaine Shaw**
Annie Brandes	Marie Giglio**	Dante Moscone	Dorothy Sinclair
Mary Buccilli	John Glynn	Barbara Nord	Melina Tocchio
Antoinette Calabro**	Irene Goodhue*	Helen Paige	Mary Todd
Lena Cavalieri*	Lillian Gould**	Jean Paolucci	Margaret Wellington**
Viola Colella	Phyllis Hindmarsh*	Susie Papla	Bernadette Young*

Grade Eight**High Honors**

Wilrene Ash*	Mariam Sherad
Ethel Bernstein	May Stevens*
Selma Brick**	Cynthia Terry
Gemma Fertile	Blanche Tobey
Robert MacAndrew*	Ethel Tolchinsky*
Carmello Nicosia*	Marjorie Vincent
Joyce Peterson	Rosamond Walsh

Honors

Wilrene Ash	Sidney Hajjar**	Eleanor Mullaney	Giosive Sandonato**
Ethel Bernstein*	Elvera Johnson	Gloria McPhee*	Mildred Schubert*
Eleanor Bradford	Peter Kanavos**	Phyllis Muir	George Scrimshaw*
Frances Burns**	Barbara Keegan*	Eleanor Mullaney	Ida Segal*
Chester Catler*	Mary Keegan	Joseph Nader*	Louise Shaheen
Norma Deveau**	Mary Koury	Natica Nash**	Miriam Sherad
Francis Di Antonio	Roland Laramie	Carmelo Nicosia	Nathan Silver
James Dorley	Lewis Leavitt	Albert Oliverio	Angela Sorgenti*
Josephine Draicchio**	Harold Levine	John Omar*	May Stevens
Ruth Eng**	Richard Lusk**	Josephine Ostrowski**	Cynthia Terry*
Herbert Erskine*	Robert MacAndrew	Lettie Parker**	Ethel Tolchinsky
Jason Feldman	Bessie Maida	John Pendleton	Thelma Tibbetts
Gemma Fertile	Doris Mandelli*	Charles Peterson	Blanche Tobey*
Ena Galbraith*	Andrew Marella*	Joyce Peterson	Marjorie Vincent*
Gordon Guest	Albert Monaco**	Tony Rizzo	Rosamond Walsh*

Grade Seven**High Honors**

Louis Binda	Robert Le Count
Marcia Easton	Angelina Mariano**
Peter Gacicia*	James Mollica
Carmella Graceffa	

Honors

Walter Adams*	Elizabeth Dan	Isabel Jancaterino*	Betty Petzholdt
Madeline Attar*	Albert Del Vecchio	Shirley Johnson*	Grace Princiotto
Gordon Avery	Dominic Di Cristofaro	Constance Kanavas	Victor Pugliesi**
Margaret Bell**	Marie Di Nicola	Linda Koury*	Mary Quinn*
Eleanor Bernstein*	Marcia Easton	Ray Lamb	Josephine Russo**
Lorraine Bettini	Vivian Fain*	Robert Le Count*	Sadie Salamone
Louis Binda*	Harold Frantello	Priscilla Lillibridge	Betty Schwartz**
George Bobzin	Constance Forrest**	Ray Mastico	Elizabeth Seaman
Walter Brown	Peter Gacicia	Evelyn McLaughlin	Doris Shulman**
Stanley Budrick	Margaret Gordon	Arthur McPherson	Roberta Sloane
Pauline Calabro**	Carmella Graceffa*	Julius Misrahi*	Berton Steir**
Rose Cammisaro*	Joan Harrold*	James Mollica*	Helen Still**
Gerald Caron	Lois Hindmarsh**	Melvin Needel*	Lillian Thomas**
Hyman Cashook*	Joseph Hobaica**	Gordon Paige**	Joseph Volpe**
Charlotte Crooker*	Penelope Hobson*	Rosario Papia	Russell Worth

General Vocational**LOYALTY ROLL**

Roy Broberg*	Angelo Perfetuo*
William MacPherson*	Salvatore Russo*
Thomas Nigro	

Low

Roy Broberg	Thomas Nigro
Joseph Di Bona	Joseph Ramsay
Louis Kessler*	Michael Saraceno

*Additional Terms



THE ART STAFF
GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB

STAGECRAFT CLUB
DIVISION 9 - 7



SHADOWGRAPH CLUB
DIVISION 7 - 5

CHORAL SPEAKING CLUB
DIVISION 8 - 5

Our Officers

We present some impressions of our school officers gathered by the "Pointer" reporters.

SCHOOL PRESIDENT

One of my greatest pleasures this year was obtaining this biographical sketch of Bernard Ranieri, our school president.

On the twenty-fourth day of June, 1923, Bernard was born in Quincy, Massachusetts. He grew to be a stout boy and because of his size he acquired the nickname "Chubby" by his friends. Previous to his entering Quincy Point Junior High School he was an honor roll student at the Pollard School, and he has continued this scholastic record at Point.

Bernard has a strong admiration for his older brother, Francis, who attends our Quincy High School. Lena Cavalieri of 9-3 and Robert Hurley of 9-8 seem to be his two best friends, although he has many more acquaintances. Bernard admires a sincere, loyal, honest, and dependable person.

"Chubby" takes an intense interest in all sports, especially football, basketball, and swimming, and he takes the part of a spectator in other appealing sports.

Offices have been abundantly showered on him. In the seventh grade he was President of 7-1 and President of the Story Telling Club. In the eighth grade he filled the office of Vice-President of 8-1. At present he holds the following offices: School President, Editor-in-Chief of the "Pointer," President of 9-7, and President of the Journalism Club. Bernard considers being President of Point the highest honor that has ever been bestowed upon him.

We will always remember Bernard as a person who is very friendly, business-like, a good leader, and one who has a good sense of responsibility. His ambition is to become a lawyer, and we sincerely hope his present success will continue in the future.

Lena Cavalieri, 9-3

CLASS PRESIDENT

Lena Cavalieri, President of the Ninth Grade, was nearing the completion of her library work in the library when I approached her and requested an interview, which she kindly granted. I listened eagerly for she had many interesting things to tell.

On August 18, 1923, Lena was born in Quincy, Massachusetts. She is five-feet three inches tall, is of Italian descent, and has brown hair and eyes. Lena is very attractive and is unquestionably the most popular girl at Point. Liked by both girls and boys, she is known and admired for her good naturedness, friendliness, and pleasing personality.

Lena doesn't go in for athletics herself but enjoys watching football and basketball games and would like to see Clint Frank in action. Her favorite pastimes are moving pictures and books. Wayne Morris is her favorite movie actor and Loretta Young heads her list of actresses. "The Four Gordons" by Brown is considered her favorite book, but she also likes stories of college girls and their activities. Sophia Koury and Philipina Gangi, whom she has known since she entered Point, are her best friends.

Lena is successfully fulfilling the duties of the following offices: President of the Ninth Grade, member of the Executive Committee, President of the Library Staff, Treasurer of the Journalism Club, President of 9-3, and the Assistant Editor of the "Monthly Howl."

Lena plans to become a librarian for which she will easily qualify after her experience on Point's staff and the preparation she plans to get in business training at Burdett College. Her second choice is to be a reporter. She is very active on "The Monthly Howl" and would enjoy being a gossip or society editor on a real newspaper. But whichever she chooses, librarian or reporter, I'm sure we wish her all the success she so richly deserves and the best of luck.

Sophia Koury, 9-8



DIVISION 8 - 1
DIVISION 8 - 6



DIVISION 8 - 2
DIVISION 8 - 3



DIVISION 9 - 8
DIVISION 9 - 1



DIVISION 9 - 6
DIVISION 9 - 4

Second Floor Councilor

Perhaps you have encountered a brunette, curly headed, medium-sized girl with a very inviting smile and striking personality, passing through the corridors, whom you know is Mary Oliverio, our Second Floor Councilor. She was born on November 11, 1921, in Quincy, Massachusetts. Mary attended the Pollard School and following that entered Quincy Point Junior High. Next year Quincy High School will claim her.

In the seventh and eighth grades Mary was an honor student. At present she holds the office of Councilor of the Second Floor, is a member of the traffic squad, leader of the Girls' Athletic Club, chief cheer leader, and is an active member of the library staff.

Mary is an athletic type and thus chooses athletics as her hobby. She enjoys participating in both indoor and out-of-door sports. Included in her list of favorite sports are baseball, basketball, soccer, ping-pong, skating, swimming, and last, but not least, dancing in which she excels.

Carmella Nash, a student at Quincy High School, and Alice Field, a member of 9-4, are her two best friends. Mary is desirous to have for her acquaintances only those who are agreeable and possess a keen sense of humor. Her favorite actor is Fred Mac-Murray and her most admired actress is Carole Lombard, and the radio program that is most appealing to her is that of Guy Lombardo and his orchestra. She seems to be very loyal to her school by choosing green and white as her favorite colors.

Mary's aim in life is to achieve fame in the theatrical world. It is needless to say that Mary has our sincerest wishes for a happy and successful career — that fact she may take for granted.

Alice Field, 9-4

First Floor Councilor

It was my good fortune to interview Peter Kanovas, our First Floor Councilor.

Peter or "Pete" as he is better known by his fellow students, was born on July 21, 1924, in Quincy, Massachusetts. He came to Quincy Point Junior High from the Pollard School and he has made a fine record here. He has one brother and three sisters.

Peter is a quiet, unobtrusive lad and appears to be bashful among girls. He is thoroughly dependable and his reliability is known throughout the school.

Heading his list of favorite sports are basketball, soccer, and football.

In the seventh grade Peter filled the offices of President of 7-1 and Vice-President of the Hi-Y Club. This year he has taken duties as: President of 8-1, manager of squad 8-1 basketball team, member of school soccer team, and First Floor Councilor. He thinks that this office will be a great experience and will help him in later life.

Good luck to you Peter here at Point as First Floor Councilor and as some well-known man later on.

John Glynn, 9-4

APPRECIATION

We wish to express our sincere gratitude to the merchants and friends who made our magazine possible by their advertisements. They deserve our patronage.

THE POINTER STAFF

Laugh and The World Laughs With You

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

Heard in Sewing Class:

Teacher: "Dorothy, let me see your neck and I'll cut it down."

THE CORRECT WORD

Teacher: "George, let's hear your poem."

George: "I didn't bring it."

Teacher: "Where is it?"

George: "Oh, somewheres."

Teacher: "What's the correct word, George?"

George: "Nowhere."

DISAPPOINTED JAMES

Teacher after school: "Well, James, how do you like your new little brother?"

James: "I don't like him at all. He can't even speak English."

JUST AN ERROR

The teacher was reading the notices, while listening to a pupil recite.

"Go ahead, Mary, recite. I can listen with one ear and read with the other."

BRIBERY

Teacher: "Thomas, give me a sentence with a direct object in it."

Thomas: "You are very pretty."

Teacher: "What's the direct object?"

Thomas: "A good mark."

NICE FIRE

Heard at recess:

As our assignment for homework was to write a joke, I made one up and told it to my family. Not one of them laughed, so I put it into the stove and the fire "roared".

A TRUE CONFESSION

Teacher: "Now, class, I'm going to tell you about the hippopotamus, but you won't know what a hippopotamus is unless you pay strict attention and look at me."

WHICH BACK?

Teacher: "Have you written on both sides?"

Innocent pupil: "No, my back is clean."

WHERE ART THOU?

Teacher to Pupil: "Where's your class-mate?"

Bright Pupil: "Well, if the ice is as thick as he thinks it is, he's skating. If it's as thin as I think it is, he's swimming."

MISPLACED

Teacher (to Joseph, who is chewing gum, with his feet sprawled in the aisle): "Joseph, remove what you have in your mouth and place your feet in."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Pupil: "Miss —, where are the animal pictures?"

Teacher: "Up at the cabinet where Helen is."

MONKEYSHINES

Teacher: "Now, John, when you get through acting like a monkey, I'll begin."

A DOUBLE MEANING

Teacher (reading the notices on March 17): "North and Point game tonight. It will be a great day for the green."

Bright Pupil: "Yeah, it's St. Patrick's day."

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

Thoughtless teacher (to pupil in rear of the room): "What are you laughing at, not me I hope?"

Pupil: "No Miss —."

Teacher: "Well, what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

MISUNDERSTOOD

Teacher (desiring a watch with a second hand): "Has anyone in the room a second hand watch?"

DETOUR

Teacher (concluding her talk): "And so we should all tread the narrow path."

Stout James: "I hope it isn't too narrow!"

John: "You'd better take the wider one, anyway, or the rest of us will have to detour."

Chuckles from Our Exchanges

HOW'LL IT TASTE

Mr. Jones was told by his busy wife to get a recipe over the radio. He received two stations at once and here's what he copied:

Hips firm, take one egg and beat head, 1½ cups of flour and sift through toes. See that head is in a straight line with six peaches. 3 lbs. of chest expansion, arms thrown back, letting shoulders mash two potatoes.

—Western Star

A HAPPY LANDING

He: "Now that I have an airplane, I can fly over to your country home in a jiffy."

She: "We would be delighted if you would drop out sometime."

—The Broadcaster

ECONOMY

Most of the family were at the parlor window watching the king and queen go by. Suddenly the mother turned to her daughter, "Where is your aunt?"

"Upstairs," was the reply, "waving her hair."

"Mercy," exclaimed the mother, "can't we afford a flag?"

—The Morton Outlook

Limericks

By Walter Farrell, 9-6

I had a Russian papa
Who was a very good friend of the czar,
But the czar had him shot
Because he was not
In love with my Russian mama.

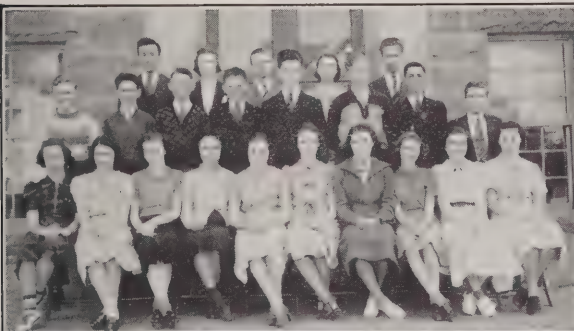
I had a hobby horse
Who was very cross;
So one day
He ran away,
And now I'm at a loss.

I once had a silly notion
To jump into the ocean,
But I did not
Because I thought
All the girls would start a commotion.

I once met the brother of old King Cole,
And I am sure he had no soul,
For he'd murder and kill
And slaughter at will;
Then with laughter on the floor he would roll

Little children never should
Go in the forest of Sherwood,
For there dwells
In the dells
The ghosts of the men of Robin Hood.

There was a young cowboy named Brad
Who thought riding a Bronc was the fad,
But when he came to
In Kalamazoo,
He decided there was better fun to be had.



THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
THE ENSEMBLE

THE STUDENT COUNCIL
NEWSBOYS — NEW YORK TRIP



SECOND FLOOR TRAFFIC
SCRAPBOOK CLUB



FIRST FLOOR TRAFFIC
GIRLS' NOVELTY CLUB



REPORTERS' CLUB
DIVISION 7-1



DIVISION 7-6
DIVISION 7-3



Various Verses

THE CLIPPER SHIPS

The Clipper ships, once queens of the seas,
Great, stately boats, fill'd with memories,
But now I shall proceed to tell
Of famous ships, they're all known well.

"The Flying Cloud," the fastest ever,
She tied the tie which naught can sever,
Linked Boston to Frisco in ninety days,
Oft hailed as the ruler of the ways.

The "Lightning" ship whose name was true
Attained great speed with a manly crew,
Her course was straight and sure and fast,
'Twas envied by all before the mast.

"Red Jacket," most lovely of all clippers,
Sailed far and wide for many skippers,
A Seneca Chief, her figurehead,
In beauty, alone, the world she led.

All these, the ships of yesteryear,
Still to the hearts of salts are dear,
The dangers of unknown seas they braved,
The road for modern trade was paved.

Hope Whiting, 9-7

THE LIGHTHOUSE

The lighthouse with its beams so bright
Keeps ships away from rocks at night,
It leads them safely to the bay
And can be seen from miles away.

The lighthouse keeper strong and brave
Sees not much else but wind and wave,
As year by year his watchful eye
Makes sure that ships go safely by.

Robert Johnson, 9-4

THE CANDID CAMERA CRAZE

My brother has a hobby
Which is in keeping with these days,
His snappy little pastime is
The Candid Camera Craze.

He'll snap most everybody
In every possible pose,
But the worst thing about it is
A fellow never knows.

It's the middle of a story
And you're having a good laugh,
When click will go the shutter
And he has got your photograph.

Now I could go on for pages
Telling all that I have stood,
But I would be wasting paper
And it wouldn't do any good.

But he is really good sometime,
If he would only mend his ways
And try to take some good pictures
And just forget this Candid Craze.

Herbert Erskine, 8-3

THE OLD PINE TREE

The old pine tree stood on a hill
And watched the generations fly;
The old pine tree stood on a hill,
And still the years rolled by.
It watched the young ones born, the toddlers creep,
It gazed with loving eyes, upon lovers' fav'rite
retreat;

It saw the dear ones pass away
Gone to a lovely land far, far, away.
Its roots were held by earth-bound ties,
Its needles towering to the skies;
When I, but a child, sought its shade
To conceal the fruits of my pantry raid.

Lillian Alibertini, 9-7

OUR FAREWELL

We, the promotees of Point Junior High,
Have reached the time to bid you all good-bye;
Farewell, dear teachers, friends, and classmates,
too,

We hope the future has much in store for you.
Together we have been for three short years,
And together we have shared our joys and fears;
Time for our departure is drawing nigh,
Farewell to you, Quincy Point Junior High.

Marie Burnham, 9-4

PICTURES

Pictures hanging on the walls
In nicely colored frames;
There's father standing straight and tall,
He still stands just the same.

There's Aunt Min in that old hat,
She seldom wore another;
And Uncle Phil, so big and fat,
He's not like dad, his brother.

Mother as a sweet young girl,
She really hasn't changed;
And sister, with her golden curls
So beautifully arranged.

Of course there are many more
To remind us of days gone by,
Pictures of people we still adore
And of those who have said, "Good-bye."

Sophia Koury, 9-8

FORGOTTEN

He treads along, no one knows where,
He treads along, no one does care;
Looking up at each passer-by
He's lonely and forgotten, ready to cry.
He wants a friend, he wants a home
To keep him from his sadful roam;
This search of his is like a fog,
Will no one care for this lonesome dog?

Margaret Purpura, 9-3

FLOWERS AND YOU

Beautiful flowers on the wall
 Nodding their heads from dusk to dawn,
 Growing flowers so big and tall
 Casting your shadows on the wall.
 When I saw these pretty flowers,
 All at once my thoughts were of you
 Standing there beneath the bowers
 With golden hair and eyes of blue.

Betty Schultz, 9-3

WAITING

The shy little flowers have gone to bed
 With a thin white blanket over them spread,
 I only can wait till robin and rain
 And gentle south wind calls them again.
 But while I am waiting good Thanksgiving Day
 And Christmas and New Year will stop on their
 way
 And Valentine give me a message to keep,
 A glow in my heart while my garden's asleep.

Viola Colella, 9-4

SIGNS OF WINTER

When the squirrels seek to hide
 And the children begin to slide,
 When the ground is covered white
 And there are no birds in sight,
 When winter sports are in their might
 And the north wind has its plight,
 When the chimneys smoke their might
 And the people bundle tight —
 These signs show winter's at its height.

Guido Di Tullio, 9-6

LEAVING

Three years of junior high have gone by,
 And now I'm leaving for senior high;
 I'll miss the school I like so very well,
 I'll miss the ringing of the old school bell.
 The teachers helped us all along
 And taught us never to do wrong;
 All the teachers were very kind
 And helped us when we were left behind.
 Three years of junior high have gone by,
 And now I'm leaving for senior high;
 I'll miss the school I like so very well,
 I'll miss the ringing of the old school bell.

Gertrude Sullivan, 9-4

THE FENCE

As I was going to school one day,
 I stopped at the fence while on my way;
 My reason for stopping you soon will know,
 For there it was I saw my beau.
 I remember the day when first we met,
 For the fence was new and the paint was wet;
 I soon found out to my dismay
 When on the rail my books I lay.
 Many years have passed since that first morn,
 And now the fence is much more worn;
 But still it speaks of days long past
 And memories which I hold fast.

Shirley Easton, 9-7

SCHOOL

Why must we each day go to school,
 Do our homework and learn a new rule?
 Add, subtract, divide, multiply,
 Recite long poems — me! oh! my!
 Reading and writing day by day,
 Working and working without pay,
 School, school, school is all I do hear,
 At just the thought of it I fear.
 First the Webster, now junior high,
 I'll be up high school bye and bye,
 Then when high school I've gone through
 I shall begin to feel just like new.
 But the one thought I cannot shirk
 Is the thought of going to work.

Marie Kaumaris, 9-3.

HOME

My dad is in a comfy chair
 Reading all the news,
 Now he asks for slippers
 And he's taking off his shoes.
 He's feeling better now, he says,
 As he lights his pipe,
 He grumbles and mutters something
 'Bout newspaper type.
 Mother gets his glasses
 And turns the lamp she claims is dim
 Now he's settled down at last,
 And that takes care of him.
 Mother sits beside the fire
 And reaches for her knitting,
 She's making me a sweater
 And soon it will be fitting.
 She, too, looks comfy in her chair
 Beside the glowing fire,
 I very often wonder that
 Her fingers never tire,
 For she is working them
 All the long day through
 Because so many things
 She does find to do.
 Tonight is very quiet
 And I like to see it so,
 'Cause summertime both night and day
 We're always on the go.
 But winter nights are pleasant
 When we talk or sing or read,
 And it's nice to know we're happy
 As we fill each other's needs.
 There's love and peace and happiness
 In this little room at night,
 And when we are all together
 Everything seems just right.

Lucille Dauphinee, 9-3.

GUESS WHAT?

A cough and a wheeze,
 A squeak and a groan,
 A grunt and a sneeze —
 It's a saxophone.

Shirley Easton, 9-7.

FOOLISH WISDOM

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away."
 Though I'm fond of apples, just take them away,
 For the doctor is handsome, merry, and young
 With laughing blue eyes and a flattering tongue.
 His baritone voice is just full of romance,
 He plays the piano and oh can he dance.
 He's gifted in surgery, letters, and arts,
 An expert I think in treating the heart.
 If I should eat apples, just think of the cost,
 My apple like Eve's would mean Paradise Lost.

Voila Colella, 9-4

EVERY NIGHT

After supper, as mother wishes,
 I have to wash and dry the dishes.
 I wish the trouble ended here,
 No such luck, never fear.

There's still my homework in Latin to do,
 Homework in lit. and English, too!
 Homework in algebra, it's hard as can be,
 If X equals Y , then does B equal C ?

This weekend I'll be in confinement,
 Trying to finish my weekend assignment.
 Homework and dishes, as you can see,
 Make my life one of misery.

Mabel Hajjar, 9-7

NAPLES

On the shores of the roaming sea
 There lies Naples ready for thee,
 Trees and flowers are everywhere,
 The beauty of which is very rare.

Over the water the sea gulls fly
 Never thinking of saying goodbye
 To fair Naples by the vast blue,
 They stick to her shores, and so would you.

At night most everyone's eye does spy
 The silver moon creeping down the sky,
 All over the wide sea it does roam,
 And glitters up the dashing foam.

The sea sings a peaceful song
 As the blue waves glide along,
 On the beach there's plenty of fun
 Under the glowing, glittering sun.

If ever I left the beautiful sea,
 It would always and ever with me be,
 Not by my side, but in my dreams,
 For I'll not be without it, it seems.

Dorothy Sinclair, 9-3

SMILES

There are many, many, many kinds of smiles,
 Some that gladden, some that rile;
 But the smiles that are given with hearty good-will
 Are the ones that Father Time cannot still.

There are many, many, many kinds of smiles,
 Some that sadden, some that beguile;
 But the smiles that are given with a loving heart
 Are the ones with which one will never part.

Marie Burnham, 9-4

THE NEWSBOY

The newsboy is a never thought of one,
 No one thinks of what he's done;
 He struggles through both rain and sleet
 To deliver news on each subscribing street.

Up Center and down Main,
 Across the street and back again;
 Now comes Friday with pennies due,
 Customers for another week to pursue.

Some are "Johnnies on the spot,"
 Others never answer, home or not;
 Twelve cents here and twelve cents there,
 Sometimes an apple given or a pear.

At last comes Saturday afternoon,
 Time to finish and collect pay soon;
 Now the paper bill is paid,
 All through peddling the "Daily Blade."

Nelson Johnson, 9-1

AIR MAIL

Every night when the clock strikes eight
 And the stars are out and it's very late
 And the moon is dim in the western sky,
 I watch to see the mail as it goes by.
 You can hear it whirring over the hill
 When the sun has set and the wind is still,
 And if you are looking straight overhead,
 You see its light that is all green and red.
 And its motor plays a little tune,
 As a shadow swoops across the moon,
 Just beneath the stars and across the sky,
 I watch the mail as it goes roaring by.

Peter Panarelli, 8-5

SCHOOLS

I wonder why they made these schools
 To teach us all these little rules;
 The teachers help us with our work,
 But at some things we have to shirk.
 Some teachers think that we are clowns,
 But you just try to learn some nouns;
 You'll find you're in an awful spot
 And wonder why these things are taught.
 Perhaps in later years I'll come
 To need these things that I have shunned.

John Carlino, 9-6

THAT DADDY AND MOTHER OF MINE

Two pals I'll always remember,
 Two pals I'll never forget;
 Faithful in May and December,
 They never cause me regret.

He is strong and brave and tender,
 She is gentle, modest, and shy;
 He spoke not a word to offend her,
 Her lips never told him a lie.

He is true to the vows that he made her in spring,
 She is as pure as an angel divine;
 They are just like a Queen and King,
 That Daddy and Mother of Mine.

Helen Paige, 9-4

CLOUDS

I love to sit on top of a hill
And watch the clouds go by;
Some are moving and others are still,
But all are high in the sky.

You should see the shapes they take —
Elephant, tiger, horse, and cow;
They hurry along lest they be late,
For the circus is starting now.

I love to sit on top of a hill
And watch the clouds go by;
Some are moving and others are still,
But all are high in the sky.

Shirley Easton, 9-7

MY AUNT LUCY

I once had a dear old auntie
As sweet as one could ever be,
And sometimes I think I see her
As she is smiling down at me.

She was a tall fair lady
With lovely auburn hair so bright,
Which she wore in curls all clustered
Above her fair brow so very white.

She had neither sons nor daughters
To bless her very humble home,
But those who did call her "Auntie"
Always found pleasure there to roam.

Her hands were ever soft and gentle,
Always aching brows to soothe,
And her willing feet were ready,
Another's thorny path to smooth.

Although she possessed no riches,
Old auntie had friends by the score,
For no souls ever went hungry,
Away from her inviting door.

Her lips were always pure and sweet,
No stories ever, ever told,
So all her dear friends and neighbors,
Joys and sorrows came to unfold.

The long years were almost ninety,
And her dear loved ones here were few,
E're the boatswain gave the signal,
"Child, the Master does call for you."

Viola Colella, 9-4

A WISH

How I wish I were a gypsy,
And could fling all my cares away;
I'd start along the dusty road
At the dawn of a summer day.

How I wish I were a gypsy,
And could munch on a crust of bread;
Such flashing bracelets would I have,
And a bright kerchief o'er my head.

How I wish I were a gypsy,
And could wake with the cooling dove;
Such a life is so happy and gay,
A gypsy's life is the life I love.

Lillian Alibertini, 9-7

THE LONE COWBOY

The lone cowboy rides wearily along
Without money, ragged and forlorn;
Just he and his tired, worn-out horse
Roaming the plains, being their own boss.

He passes town after town each week,
But still he can find no places to sleep;
He has not a friend far or near,
Not even his kind and gentle mother dear.

Yet he rides on and never gives up
Hoping for the best and trusting luck;
Now and then he stops and says to God,
"Guide me, oh my sweet and gentle Lord."

Gina Tocchio, 9-2

A PIRATE'S LIFE

The brawny pirates brave and bold,
Their main desire is the capture of gold;
They plunder ships by day and by week,
And for many treasures they're off to seek.

Sometimes on a quest for spices they go,
And sing as the ships rock to and fro;
Even when ships they plan to sink,
Of their sweethearts at home they find time to think.

For what good is all their gold stored 'way?
Why, to make their sweethearts' life most merry
and gay!

All the things that I just have told
Go to make up the life of a pirate bold.

Ethel Bernstein, 8-5

A DOG'S LIFE

It has often been said that I'm nasty
And vicious and dirty and bad,
I've had enough fights to last me
'Till I'm almost as old as my dad.

I'm sure they're going to send me away
To places where bad doggies go,
And if they do, I'll be sure to pray
The only prayer that I know.

"Oh Master, Master, please save me!"

I'll plead and I'll cry.

"My promise will enslave me,
I mean it, I'll try."

"I'll try to be good and so very nice

You'll seldom get angry and speak twice;

This is my promise, I'll keep it true,

The rest, dearest Master, depends upon you."

Dorothy Schaller, 9-4

THE WANDERER

Along the road the wanderer does tread,
His footsteps drag but he continues ahead;
Stopping first to find his way,
Then again a place to stay.

Mountains, valleys, rivers, and streams,
He has seen them all it seems;
But now tired of it all
Seeks a home to await the call.

Marie Giglio, 9-2

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